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1489. f. 1678.





LITTLE KATY

AND

JOLLY JIM.


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M DCCCLXV.



TO
MY MOTHER,
WHOSE DEAR HAND GUIDED ME INTO THE FOLD
OF THE GOOD SHEPHERD,
THIS LITTLE BOOK
Is Dedicated,
WITH THE EARNEST HOPE
THAT
THROUGH ITS PAGES SOME OTHER WANDERING LAMB
MAY BE LED INTO THE SAME SAFE FOLD.





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LITTLE KATY AND JOLLY JIM.

I.

THE DARK ALLEY.

ONE bright, cold Sunday afternoon Miss Murray started out for a long walk. She was going to her Sunday school, which was held in an old wooden building, in a very dirty and wicked part of New York. The room was long and narrow, fitted up with benches of all sizes and shapes. The walls were discoloured ; the ceiling covered with dark, ugly patches where the plaster had fallen down ; the floor was full of rat-holes ; and the windows shook in every blast of wind, and let the rain come in at its pleasure in every storm. But the teachers and children of that school loved the old room dearly, if it was shabby, leaky and forlorn, for they had had many happy days there together. To be sure they were always talking of building a new room, but all the talks ended in "when we are rich enough," and that time had never come. They were still waiting for it, but waiting very patiently and happily.

That cold Sunday afternoon, as Miss Murray walked quickly along the dirty streets through which she had to pass, she looked so sweet and pleasant that the little children she met all peeped up in her face and smiled as if she were a dear friend ; and then she nodded back to them and said, "Good afternoon,

little rosy-cheeks," or something else that the children laughed to hear.

She was passing the entrance to a dark alley when the sound of voices made her pause. She looked in with those bright eyes of hers, and there she saw five children. She turned right round and went into the alley. A little girl about six years old was standing beside four boys, all much older than herself, who were playing marbles. She was a slender, delicate-looking child, with big blue eyes, and long fair hair, which hung in tangled curls around a face which seemed never to have seen soap and water. She turned quickly as Miss Murray's figure darkened the little light which came in from the street; and seeing a stranger so near her, drew back behind the largest of the four boys. "Look there, Jolly," said she, "look at that grand lady."

The big boy lifted his head and stared at Miss Murray without speaking.

"Do not be afraid of me," said the lady, smiling at the startled little girl. "I came in here to see if you would like to go to a nice place to which I am going. There are a great many children there, and they have pretty pictures to look at, and books, and cards with sweet hymns on them; and ladies and gentlemen tell the children stories, and they have a very pleasant time. Will you come?"

The big blue eyes were looking right up into Miss Murray's kind face, for the little girl had come slowly toward her, drawn by the sweetest voice which she had ever heard. And when the lady held out her hand, and said again, "Will you come, blue eyes?" the child clasped her dirty little fingers around hers at once.

"Will you all come?" said Miss Murray; "we have room for all."

"Not I," answered one boy, "I don't want none of yer schoolin';" and another laughed saucily as he said, "We ain't pious folks, Bill, you and me."

The largest boy had not spoken. He still sat staring at the lady as if he wondered where she had come from. She looked too pure and good for that miserable alley.

"What do you say? will you come with us?" and Miss Murray's bright eyes turned to him.

"Well, no; guess not. Guess I ain't fit."

"Oh, yes, you look well enough. There are many very poor boys in our school. Do come."

"Yes, Jolly, come. I want you. Do let's go," and the little girl stretched out her hand and took hold of his ragged sleeve. "Oh, please, Jolly, do come; she's such a nice lady!"

Jolly rose slowly to his feet, as if half inclined to yield. "Goin' to turn pious, Jolly?" said one of the other boys.

"Mind yer bisness," answered Jolly, "and I'll mind mine. I'll turn priest, if I choose, 'tain't no affair of yourn."

The other boys laughed, but he turned away without noticing them further, and followed Miss Murray into the street.

"What is your name, little one?" and the lady looked down at the child who trotted along by her side as confidently as if she had been an old friend.

"My name is Katy Ryan, and he's Jolly Jim," and she threw back her head to show Miss Murray that "he" meant the big boy who followed them.

"Jolly Jim? That is a funny name. Why do you call him that?"

"'Cause he's always laughin' and makin' fun. He's nice, I tell you," and the little thing turned to the boy, and catching his hand, drew him forward. "He's my chum."

Jolly laughed. "You're a big chum, ain't yer?" said he, "a mighty big chum for me!"

"Is Katy your sister?" asked Miss Murray.

"No, she ain't nothin' to me; but she's such a mite of a thing, I look after her a bit. The boys about here

tease her and fright her, 'cause she's scarey-like ; so I kind o' look after her, and don't let 'em come it over her."

"Oh, yes," cried Katy, eagerly, "he's fust rate ; and they're all afraid of him. He's big and strong, and real good to me, too. Oh, he's as good as pie. Did you ever taste pie?" she asked, looking curiously up into Miss Murray's face.

"Yes, I have tasted it. Did you ever eat any?"

"Oh, no, indeed ! But peoples says it's good. When I'm a big woman I'll go out to day's work, and the first money I get I'll buy a pie for me and Jolly ; won't I, Jolly?"

The boy laughed again, as the eager child, springing and dancing with excitement, looked up in his face with eyes full of love. "Maybe we'll have a pie before that, Katy."

"You mustn't buy it!" said Katy, "'cause it wouldn't be mine then. I must buy it for you. Don't you, now ; will you?"

"Here we are," said Miss Murray, "come right up these stairs." She turned to Jolly, but he held back. "Come," she said, smiling at him.

"No, I guess not ; I'll come some other day."

"No, come in now. You don't know how pleasant it is."

"Yes, Jolly, do ; I'm feared to go alone," pleaded little Katy. "The lady said we'd hear some nice stories. Real, true stories?" she asked, peeping up at Miss Murray.

"Yes, true stories," said the lady. "Come, Jolly, I will ask my brother to take you into his class. You will like him, I am sure ; and besides, Katy wants you to take care of her."

So Jolly went in with them to the shabby but pleasant room, where many children were already gathered. Miss Murray stopped at the door, and a gentleman who sat near with five or six boys around him, rose and came toward her. He had just such a

bright, pleasant face as hers ; the moment that Jolly saw him, he knew he must be her brother.

"Well, Carrie," he said, "have you brought us some more little friends?"

"Yes, and I want you to take this one into your class," and she laid her hand on Jolly's shoulder. "He wants to hear some true stories, George. Will you tell him one?"

"Certainly I will. Come with me, my boy. I have a whole bench full of young fellows about your size, and they are all fond of true stories."

II.

KATY IN SABBATH SCHOOL

MISS MURRAY took Katy's hand again and led her quite down to the other end of the room. Three or four little girls were seated on a bench beneath a window, and Miss Murray lifted her up beside them. In a few moments three more little girls came up. Katy looked around at them all, very shyly at first, but after a while she began to smile at them, and then they smiled back at her, and one rosy-cheeked child sitting next her, put out her foot and whispered, "I've got new shoes."

Katy smiled and said, "Yes," very softly, and then the little girl said, "My name is Jennie Blair ; what is your name?"

Katy told her name, and from that time they were such good friends that you would have thought that they had known each other all their lives. Jennie told Katy that she had had corn-beef and rice-pudding for dinner, and asked her what she had, and when Katy said, "Nothin', only bread," Jennie's eyes filled with tears, and she turned to Miss Murray and said, "Oh, teacher ! this little girl don't have meat and pudding on Sundays !"

489. f. 1678.



Before Miss Murray could answer a bell rang, and the children all folded their hands and bowed their heads, and sat quite still, while a gentleman who stood in the middle of the room spoke for a few moments. Katy could not tell what it all meant. She had never heard any one pray before, and when she heard the gentleman say, "Our heavenly Father," she looked around to see if any one seemed to be listening to him; but all the heads were bent except Jolly's, and he was staring around as if he were as much surprised as she. As Katy looked back at the gentleman, she heard him say, "O Lord, we want every little girl and boy in this room to love Jesus!"

"What is Jesus?" thought Katy. "I'll ask the lady."

In a moment the gentleman said "Amen," and then all the children lifted their heads, and he began to read from a large book on a desk before him. Katy listened very attentively, for she heard that name "Jesus" again. The gentleman read about Jesus feeding a great many hungry people, and then about His giving a blind man his sight. After the reading was over, the children sang a hymn about this same Jesus. The hymn said:—

"I think when I read that sweet story of old,
When Jesus was here among men,
How He call'd little children like lambs to His fold,
I should liked to have been with them then."

Katy listened with wonder as the sweet words fell on her ear, "Who is Jesus?" she said to herself, "He must be nice and good, like Jolly."

After the hymn had been sung, Miss Murray took a book out of her pocket, and opening it, asked her scholars if they could tell her what the last Sabbath's lesson had been about.

"Jesus blessing little children," answered Jennie Blair, quickly.

Katy could restrain her curiosity no longer; "Who is Jesus?" she said earnestly. "Is He a man?"

"Have you never heard of the Lord Jesus Christ, Katy?" asked Miss Murray.

"No, ma'am, I never did."

"Nor of God, Katy?"

"No, ma'am," said the child again.

Miss Murray looked around on her class as she said, "What do you think of giving up our regular lesson for to-day, while I tell this little girl about our dear Father in Heaven?"

"Oh yes, ma'am; do tell her," said Jennie; and all the other girls said "yes," too.

So Miss Murray pointed her finger up to the blue sky which they could see from the window behind them, and asked Katy if she knew who lived there.

"I didn't know nobody lived there," said Katy.

"Yes," said the lady, "God lives there. God is our Father in Heaven. He gave us this beautiful sun to shine on the earth; He gave Katy those little feet on which she can run about, those blue eyes to see all the pretty things around her; He gave her her hands to work for her; He let her go to sleep and rest herself last night, and then woke her this morning, and made her well and strong to enjoy this beautiful day. He gave us all every good thing we have."

"Did He give Jennie them new shoes?" asked Katy, looking admiringly at the shining leather.

"Yes," said Miss Murray.

"He didn't give me none," and she thrust forward a pair of dirty little bare feet.

"No, but perhaps He may some day. I think He will, because He loves little children."

"Does He?" said Katy. "And does Jesus love children too?"

"Yes, Jesus loves everybody, especially little people. Jesus Christ is God's Son. Now listen to me, and I will tell you what He did for us all. God made all the people in the world, and put them here to love Him and to obey Him. But they grew very wicked; they broke His laws, and would not love Him, nor do

as He told them to do. Then God said that they should not come to live in the sky with their heavenly Father and His dear Son, but that they must go to a dreadful place called Hell, where they should never see Him, and where they would be very miserable and unhappy.

"Then the Lord Jesus told His Father that if He would forgive the poor wicked people He would come down from His beautiful home in the sky and be punished in their place. And so He came. He left His dear Father, His sweet home, and all the good angels, and came down here, and was born a little baby. When He grew up He began to teach the wicked people about their Father in Heaven, but they did not love Him and they would not listen to Him. But He loved them all very dearly, and went about doing them good. He fed all that were hungry; He cured the sick; He made the blind to see; and when little children came to Him He took them up in His arms and blessed them. And all this time He had no home, no place in which to lay His head. When night came and He was tired of teaching and working for the people, when He wanted to lie down and rest, He had no home."

Little Katy sat bending forward, her bright eyes fixed on the lady's face, her lips apart, her face flushed, listening intently to every word. As Miss Murray said the second time, "He had no home," she clasped her hands together, saying in an eager, excited voice, "Oh, if I'd been livin' then, and if I'd been a big woman, and if I'd had a grand big house of me own, wouldn't I have took Him in!"

"I have no doubt you would, dear," said Miss Murray, clasping the brown fingers which now rested on her knee. "But if you cannot take Him into a grand house, you can do something else for Him."

"What'll I do for Him?" cried Katy, eagerly. "Oh, but I love Him; He's that good!"

"That is just what He wants, dear. He wants you to love Him ; to give your heart to Him."

"How will I do that?" said the child. "Where is He? Tell me, till I go to Him."

"You cannot go to Him now, little Katy ; but do not look so disappointed. He is with His Father in the sky. Those wicked men who would not love Him, killed Him. They nailed Him to the cross, and He died. Died for you, little Katy, and for me. And then our heavenly Father took Him up to the sky once more, and He is there now, waiting for us. He has prepared a home for us where we shall be close beside Him, but we must wait until He is ready to take us."

"But I'd like to go now," said Katy, her blue eyes swimming in tears. "Oh, I'm awful mad with those wicked men as hurt Him ; and, oh, I want to see Him so bad !" and with a loud sob the child threw herself into Miss Murray's arms.

"My dear little girl, when He is ready He will send for you. You can love Him here and pray to Him. You can tell Him how sorry you are that He was so cruelly treated, and how much you love Him for bearing all that pain for you. You cannot see Him, Katy ; but He can see you. He looks right down on you from that blue sky, and sees your little face all wet with tears of love for Him. You have made His heart glad already, my child."

Katy's sobs had ceased, and now she lifted her head, and said, "You told me I could do something for Him. What'll I be doin'?"

"He wants you to be a good little girl, Katy. He wants you always to speak the truth, never to take anything that does not belong to you, never to say a naughty word, and to be kind to every one you meet, even if they are not kind to you. If you do all that, you will make Jesus very glad. And you must talk to Him every day. Tell Him all you want, and all your troubles. Tell Him you need a pair of shoes to

keep your little feet off the ice and snow; tell Him everything, and beg Him to make you a good child, and to take you up to His beautiful home when He is ready for you. He will always hear all you say. Although you cannot see Him nor hear Him speak, He will hear you."

Little Katy looked very happy again as she glanced up into her teacher's face; and when Miss Murray said, "Will you try to be His good child, Katy?" she said eagerly, "Oh, yes, that I will. I'll never tell lies no more; and I'll not say bad words to Mammy Betsy if she does beat me. I'll be right good, if the Lord Jesus'll take me to His home by and by. Ain't He *my* Lord Jesus?" she whispered, drawing a little closer to Miss Murray.

"Yes, my child, He is your Lord Jesus, your very own. May He make you truly His!"

III.

THE POCKET-HANDKERCHIEF.

WE will leave Katy for a while and see what became of Jolly. Mr Murray gave him a seat with some five or six large boys on a long bench. Jolly's quick eyes noticed at once that these boys, although they were almost as poorly dressed as he, looked much more neat and clean. But for that he did not much care. He was quite used to dirt and did not mind it in the least, so that when, after looking around the class from boy to boy, he glanced at Mr Murray and caught his eye, he did not feel at all ashamed of his untidy appearance.

Mr Murray had taken a great fancy to this forlorn-looking boy. He liked his looks. I do not mean that he liked to see the old pair of army trousers which, having been cut off at the ankle to make them short

enough, now hung in tatters around his bare feet, nor the man's coat which hung loosely on his shoulders, and out of whose elbows his arms showed themselves uncovered by any shirt-sleeve. Nor did he like to see such a mass of uncombed hair as that which covered Jolly's head and clustered on his brown forehead. I rather think it was his eyes that had caught Mr Murray's attention. They were large black eyes, full of merriment and mischief to be sure, but you could not look at them without feeling that there was somewhere hidden away beneath Jolly's ragged old coat a warm, generous heart. But Mr Murray saw that he would have to go carefully to work to win that heart. It was covered up with a great deal which was much more difficult to pierce through than the old coat; a life, fourteen years long, of sin and misery had been almost enough to burn all the good out of it.

So Mr Murray was very patient with him, and, to tell the truth, Jolly tried his patience sorely. As he seated himself on the bench beside the other boys, his first thought had been, "Now I'll show these fellers some fun," and he tried to carry out his resolution. But it did not work very well. Mr Murray said nothing to him, and yet whenever he met his eye Jolly felt ashamed of himself, in spite of his efforts to appear unconcerned. But he persevered in his "fun," as he called it; making the oddest faces at the other boys, whispering, laughing, and joking, until at last a new thought struck him.

Mr Murray's handkerchief was peeping out of his coat-pocket. Jolly's hand stole slowly and cautiously toward it. He did not mean to steal it; not that he was an honest boy, for he was not—he had often taken that which did not belong to him, but this time he was bent merely on fun. His fingers were on the handkerchief, slowly and stealthily he drew it out; it was quite clear of the pocket, when suddenly Jolly's hand was seized and held as if in a vice. He looked at Mr Murray. To all appearance his teacher did not

notice him, but went on talking to the other scholars without paying the slightest regard to him. Jolly tried to twist his hand out of that tight grasp, but it was of no use; he only pained himself without making the least impression upon the iron hand which held him. The other boys did not notice what was going on. They were all intent upon a story which Mr Murray was telling, and paid no attention to Jolly's uneasiness. By and by, finding all his efforts useless, the boy ceased to make any attempt to free himself, and sat quietly listening to the story. He had been perfectly still for nearly ten minutes, when the hold on his hand was suddenly loosed, and Mr Murray, turning to him, said, "Jolly, will you give me my handkerchief? It has fallen on the floor."

Jolly looked up. Mr Murray's eyes were fixed on his face; there was no anger in them, but there was something there which Jolly did not dare to disobey. He picked up the handkerchief, meeting those grave eyes again, as he gave it into his teacher's hand. Mr Murray smiled and thanked him. The boy sat still for some moments longer; then he said abruptly, "Where's that true story you promised me?"

"I have been telling you a true story. You may not have heard its beginning, but I think that you listened to the last part of it."

"You don't mean that yarn about the man what left a grand house in the sky to come down here to this mean place and be killed, so that men here could go to live in His house in the sky?"

"Yes, that is a true story, Jolly."

"Oh, look a-here, mister, that ain't fair," replied Jolly. "That'll do well enough to tell little chaps, maybe; but a feller that knows a thing or two can't be took in that way, you know. Why, you might as well tell me that one o' them 'ere Fifth Avenue chaps had come over here and said that if I'd go and live in *his fine house*, and drive his team, and wear his clothes,

and use his belengin's generally, he'd go over to the Eleventh Avenue and sleep in my stall, and wear these old duds of mine, and go without any dinner nine days out of ten, and without any supper 'most every night in the year, and then in the end be hung like a traitor, all for a sudden fancy he'd took for me. Come on, now, that ain't fair; you can't take me in like that, you know. Give us a true story."

"I can give you no story," said Mr Murray, "which can compare with that in truth. Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners! to die for you and for me; that we might have everlasting life in heaven. That is God's truth."

The boy looked up with a contemptuous smile as he said, saucily, "You mean me to believe that? What'll you stake on it?"

"I have staked my soul's salvation on it."

Never in his life had Jolly heard such a deep, solemn voice as that in which those words were spoken. Mr Murray certainly believed that wonderful story, if he did not. Could it be that such a man had ever lived as He of whom the teacher had told him? As he sat thinking about it, the bell rang again, and after the children had sang another hymn the school was dismissed. As the boys passed out of the class, Jolly turned to follow them, but Mr Murray laid his hand on his shoulder, saying, "Will you come back next Sunday at two o'clock?"

Had he forgotten the handkerchief? Jolly looked up in his face to see. Mr Murray read the look as easily as if he had spoken.

"We understand one another better than we did when you came into my class," he said. "I think that we may be good friends yet. Will you be here next Sunday?"

"Yes, I guess so. But look a-here, mister; I didn't go for to steal that handkercher; I'd a gin it back to yer if I'd got it."

Mr Murray looked steadily into his eyes. "I be-

lieve you," he said ; " I think that you are telling the truth, and I mean to trust you in the future."

The boy turned away without making any answer, but if his new friend could have looked into his heart, he would have seen pictured there the only two faces that Jolly had ever learned to love. One was a little, dirty, childish face, with deep blue eyes looking out from a mass of tangled curls ; the other was the grave face of a man, whose calm but searching eyes and kindly smile he had seen for the first time that Sabbath afternoon.

As Jolly reached the door of the room, Katy came springing to him, the joy that was filling her little heart to overflowing bubbling up to her lips the moment she saw him.

" O Jolly," she said, as soon as they were in the street, " did they tell you about the Lord Jesus?"

" I suppose that's Him that the man called Jesus Christ," said the boy, thoughtfully.

" Yes, the lady called him Jesus Christ sometimes. And did the man tell you all about Him? Did he tell you how He left His Father and His beautiful home, where He had always everything He wanted? Yes, Jolly, the lady said so. He had everything He wanted. So He couldn't never have been hungry nor cold. He must always have had a nice warm fire, and all them good things. He left it all and came here, and men was bad to Him, and killed Him, and now He lives with His Father in the sky again. And He did it all for us, Jolly, so we might go to live with Him. The lady says He was punished instead of us ; just like you, Jolly, that day you put me behind you, and Mammy Betsy beat you instead of me, 'cause I eat the bread she put by for your supper ; but I was so hungered, Jolly, and I didn't know it was yourn. That was just like Jesus. The lady says we was all bad and naughty, and didn't love God, and wouldn't mind Him a bit, and He was angry and said we *shouldn't go to heaven*, but must always stay here

and be cold and hungry, or go to a bad place. Then Jesus was so sorry, that He let God punish Him instead, and now He loves us, and He wants us to love Him, too. We will; won't we, Jolly?"

She looked eagerly up into the boy's face, but he did not answer. He could not yet believe this strange story, of which he had never heard the like before. It might do for such little things as Katy, he thought, but he was too old to credit such an unlikely tale as that. But then Mr Murray was older and wiser than he, and he believed it. He had said that he had staked his soul's salvation on it; and although Jolly could not have explained what he had meant by that, he felt awed whenever he recalled to himself Mr Murray's solemn voice and manner. So he walked silently on, thinking more deeply than he had ever thought before; and Katy danced along by his side, too thoroughly happy in her new joy to notice that he had not answered her question.

IV.

JENNIE AND THE SHOES.

JENNIE BLAIR had eaten her supper, and now she lay all cuddled up in a little heap on her mother's lap. She had been telling her about Katy, and the dear mother clasped the little girl closer and pressed her curly head to her breast, thanking God that her child, although not rich, was not a poor ragged orphan.

Jennie had finished her story, and now lay looking steadily into the fire before which they were sitting, wondering whether the little girl who had no meat nor pudding on Sundays, had any fire to keep her warm. Then her eyes fell on her feet, in pretty new shoes, and she began to wonder whether Jesus would send a pair to Katy or not.

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not afford to buy them for her, but last night I remembered that Aunt Mary sent those shoes to me for you after your little cousin died; but you were too large to wear them. Now, as you say that Katy is smaller than you, I thought that they would do for her."

Jennie looked very much disappointed. "I thought that God sent them," she said, in a grieved tone.

"God did send them, darling. He put it into my heart to give them to Katy. But now the little messenger must jump up and be dressed. If my Jennie is going to work for her dear Saviour, she must be ready to do His work early. She must let Katy have the warm shoes He has sent her, as soon as possible."

Jennie's face brightened, and in a moment she was putting on her stockings and chatting merrily about Katy and her new shoes.

If Jennie had not been warmly wrapped up, she might have suffered from her walk that morning. But her wadded cloak and snug worsted hood told the cold wind that it must not harm her; and although it blew sharply over her face, and made her little nose ache some, she did not mind it, but trotted on by her mother's side, too happy to complain of anything. When they turned into the street in which Katy lived, and walked along, looking for the number which she had given Jennie, (for in their sudden friendship Jennie had promised to come and see her,) Mrs Blair was almost sorry that she had brought her little girl into such a place. The street was very dirty; thin, starved-looking dogs and goats were turning over the refuse which had been thrown from the houses, looking for something to eat. Little children with old, haggard faces, were picking over the barrels of ashes for a few cinders, to make a miserable fire to warm their benumbed fingers. The crazy blinds of the forlorn houses were slamming back and forth in the strong wind, which whistled sharply through the loose boards and broken windows. For some time they wandered up and down, una-

to find the right number. Mrs Blair had just asked Jennie, for the second time, if she was quite sure that she had made no mistake, when the child sprang suddenly forward, crying out, "There she is, mother! There she is!" and rushed up to a group of children gathered around a feeble little bonfire of sticks piled upon the snow. One of the children turned instantly on hearing Jennie's voice, and darted toward her; but drew back shyly when she saw Mrs Blair.

"That is only my mother," said Jennie, "come and see her. This is Katy Ryan, mother," and she dragged her new friend forward, in spite of her efforts to escape.

But when Mrs Blair spoke to her, in her gentle, motherly voice, Katy lost her fear, and looked up into the kind face, as if she felt that she had found still another good friend.

"I have been looking for your house, but I could not find it," said Mrs Blair.

"Come till I show yer," said Katy; "'tain't on the street; it's back a bit."

She ran on, with Jennie close beside her, until she reached an open lot, in which stood, far back in one corner, two small wooden shanties. She jumped down a couple of steps into a doorway without a door, and disappeared. Mrs Blair tried to follow, but there was not one ray of light to guide her, all was dark as night in that wretched place; so she stood still on the threshold holding Jennie's hand in hers. The little girl clung very tightly to her mother, for she was somewhat startled to find herself in such utter darkness. Suddenly Katy's voice sounded in the gloom at a little distance from them.

"Come this way, ma'am; we live in the back-room. Maybe you'll have to feel along by the wall; it's *pretty darksome*."

It certainly was "pretty darksome;" but, *stretching out her hand*, Mrs Blair soon found the wall, and

groping her way by it, she led Jennie on toward the place from which the voice sounded.

Oh, what a home for a child ! Mrs Blair was sorry that she had brought her own little girl into it, even for a moment. Even on that bright, sunshiny day there was scarcely light enough in the room to guide you through it, small as it was. The panes of glass in the one window were covered with dirt and cobwebs which shut out the little light which might have glimmered down through them. A straw bed, with no covering upon it, lay in one corner of the floor, which had not been swept for weeks ; a stove without a fire, a broken table and a trunk, were all the furniture of the room.

An old woman who sat upon the side of the bed, looked up at the visitors when Katy brought them in ; but she did not welcome them in any way ; she scarcely appeared to see them.

"Is this your mother, Katy ?" asked Mrs Blair.

"No, ma'am ; I ain't got no mother. That's Mammy Betsy."

"No," muttered the old woman, "she ain't got no mother. She's an alms-hus' child. I keep her for her board ; 'taint much neither, not enough to find her, let alone the trouble she makes me with her arm."

"What do you mean by the trouble she makes you with her arm ?"

"Why, she's got a big, ugly spot on her arm. She's had it since she was a wee thing of two years old. It spiles all her clothes, and it's a great plague with the sight of rags I have to use for it. But I've got a bit of a plaster on it now. A neighbor-woman gave it till me ; she says it'll dry it all up."

"But are you sure it ought to be dried up ?" asked Mrs Blair. "If it is scrofula it will make her very sick to heal it too suddenly."

"I don't think it's nothin' of that sort, and I've

willin' to resk it. I can't be bothered with it no longer."

"Does it hurt you much, Katy?" whispered Jennie.

"Sometimes it pains very bad," said Katy. "Last night it kept me wakin' 'most all night, but I didn't mind it much; will I tell you why?"

"Yes, tell me."

"'Cause I thought if it did pain a good deal, I wasn't hurt so bad as Jesus. So I looked up at my star and thought about Him. There's just one place where I can see a bit of sky out of the window, and every night a star shines there; I call it mine. Last night I thought Jesus was in that star, and it made me so glad; and when my arm ached very hard I'd keep sayin' 'Jesus, dear Jesus,' over and over. By and by I asked Him to let my arm not hurt quite so bad, for I was so dreadful tired with the pain. I looked up at the star and said, 'Dear Jesus, who was hurted so bad for me, if you are there, please make my arm a little bit better, so I can go to sleep, 'cause I'm so tired!' He must have been there, 'cause pretty soon my arm got kind of prickly and heavy, and then I went to sleep and slept till mornin'."

"Jennie, have you given Katy her shoes?" asked Mrs Blair.

Jennie had been so much interested in Katy's arm that she had forgotten all about the bundle which she held in her hand. When she opened it now, Katy stood still in surprise. Were those fine things for her? Those beautiful shoes? That warm, thick dress? Mrs Blair had found an old woollen dress which Jennie had outgrown, and she had given it to her for Katy. Jennie was delighted with her surprise.

"They're for you, Katy; they're for you!" she cried, *capering about in her joy.*

But Katy did not answer. She stood looking at her riches with eager eyes, and her little hands clasped tightly together. "Jesus sent them," she said at last,

very softly. "The teacher said He would. Ain't He good? Oh, I do love Him!"

Mrs Blair had been speaking to the old woman while the children talked together, and had made her promise to let Katy come regularly to the Sunday school on each Sabbath. "Indade," said Mammy Betsy, as Mrs Blair led Jennie from the room, closely followed by Katy, now walking proudly in her new shoes—"indade, I could not kape her if I would. She's just crazed about the school, and she talks of nothin' else from morn till night."

V.

THE NEW HOME.

MISS MURRAY had intended to go to see Katy before the next Sabbath came round; but she was very busy, and as she saw Jennie, and was told by her how nicely the child had been provided for, she put off her visit until the next week. When the Sabbath came, she went over to the school, feeling very sure that the big blue eyes would be there before her. But she was mistaken. No little Katy was in her class when she went in, nor did she come at all; although Jennie Blair watched for her so eagerly that she could scarcely recite her lessons.

Miss Murray felt very anxious lest the stray lamb was lost again. She thought that the old woman might have sold the shoes, and Katy was ashamed to come without them; or that Jolly Jim had made up his mind not to return, and had prevented her from coming. A moment after this thought had passed through her mind she was sorry; she felt that she had been unjust to the poor boy; for, as she turned to leave the room, some one touched her arm, and a rough voice said, "I say, missus, bean't you Katy Ryan's teacher?"

"Yes," said Miss Murray quickly, as she recognised Jolly Jim's face. "Is anything wrong with Katy? Why is she not here?"

"She's awful sick, and she wants yer. I told her I'd bring yer along with me, if you'd come. Will yer?"

"Certainly I will. Wait until I speak to my brother; I would like him to go with us."

Katy's home was so near the school that Miss Murray did not have time to learn much about her from Jolly before they reached the place; but she learned enough to make her sure that the poor little child was very ill and very badly cared for.

"Katy says," said Jolly, speaking in a voice which was even more gruff than usual from his effort to hide his grief—"Katy says it's that black plaster that Mammy Betsy put on her arm. The lady as come with the little gal as brought the shoes told her it would make her sick, but Mammy wouldn't believe it; and she flogged Katy for telling it, the ugly old thing! But I believe it's just that; for she's been so hot o' nights, and so restless and onaisy ever since she put it on."

We need not describe Katy's home again. My little readers saw it when they went there with Jennie and her mother. Miss Murray's heart ached for the poor child, as, picking her way over the broken floor, she crossed the room to the corner in which she lay, with Mammy Betsy beside her in a heavy, drunken sleep. Miss Murray bent over the child, and laid her cool hand on her hot forehead. Katy looked up into her face. For a moment the great blue eyes rested wonderingly on the lady, and then with a glad cry she lifted her arm and threw it around her neck.

"Do you know me, Katy?" asked Miss Murray.

"Deed I do. You're the lady as told about Jesus."

"Do you love Him, Katy?"

"Oh, yes. And He sent the shoes too, ma'am; so He did. Look there!"

Miss Murray looked up, and through a spot in the window which Jolly had rubbed clean, in order that Katy might see through it more easily, she saw a tiny spot of blue sky.

"That's my little speck of heaven," said the child; "and every night Jesus comes there in a star, and I talk to Him, like you told me to. And when I'm cold it makes me feel warm inside to look up and know He's there. Don't He never come down here to see little sick girls?"

"No, darling; but He takes little sick girls up to see Him."

"I guess He'll take me soon; won't He, ma'am?"

"O Katy, don't!" said Jolly's gruff voice; and then the boy's head dropped on the bed beside which he was sitting.

"Poor Jolly, he don't want his chum to leave him. But I'm so tired, Jolly, and it'll be so nice to rest in Jesus' arms. Miss Murray says He takes the little children right up in His arms. I'll put my head on His shoulder like I did on yours last night, and go to sleep. Oh, won't it be nice to go to sleep! It's long since I had a good sleep, ain't it, Jolly? So long, so long, so long!"

"There!" exclaimed the boy, lifting his head; "she's agoin' to get crazy again. That's the way she allus begins, with repeatin' of things over and over."

And so it proved. In a few moments the little hands were tossing wildly about; the blue eyes were wandering restlessly from one face to another, without knowing any; and the curly head rolled uneasily on its hard bed. Miss Murray rested the poor little head on her arm; her brother sent Jolly for a good doctor whom he knew, and there they sat watching beside the child, as she moaned and tossed on her wretched bed.

Jolly was not long in bringing the doctor. Just as he ran up the steps of his house, he saw a gig drive up to the side-walk, and, running down again, he hel-

up a little slip which Mr Murray had given him, and said, "Please, sir, bea'n't this the doctor?"

"Yes, I am a doctor; what of that?" asked the gentleman, rather roughly, for he did not particularly like Jolly's ragged looks.

"Please, sir, Mr Murray sent me with this."

The doctor took the paper, looked at it a moment, then turned to Jolly again, and eyed him very closely. "Are you this little girl's brother?" he said, in the same sharp voice in which he had spoken before.

"No, sir," said Jolly; "I ain't nothin' to her; but she's all I've got in the world."

The doctor said no more, but motioning to the boy to jump into the gig, sprang in after him and drove off.

"Here's the place, sir," said Jolly; "right up across that 'ere lot."

The doctor reined up his horse. "I know that I can trust you with my carriage," he said, looking full into the boy's face.

"Deed you may, sir," replied Jolly; and the doctor left him, feeling perfectly easy as to the safety of his horse and gig.

As he stumbled in at the crazy entrance of the old house, a door opened at the further end of the passage, and Mr Murray came out, holding in his hand a little end of candle.

"Why did you send for me to come to such a hole as this?" said the doctor, in his gruffest voice.

"Come in, and I will show you why," answered Mr Murray; and going into the room, he held the light so that it fell on the face of the child upon the bed.

The doctor took one of the burning little hands in his, looked carefully into the flushed face and wandering eyes, then, suddenly raising his head, said, "*She must not stay in this hole; she must be taken up to Mrs Hines'.*"

"*But the woman,*" said Miss Murray; "*perhaps she will not let her go.*"

"What woman?—that creature there? I think I shall not ask her. Don't trouble your head about her, my dear. If she makes me any trouble, I will teach her a lesson in taking care of children, which she will not soon forget. Just go out to the gig, George, and bring in my blanket from under the seat, while Carrie and I get the child ready."

As soon as Mr Murray had gone out, the doctor crossed the room, and took down from a nail in the wall an old ragged shawl. Then he came back to the bed; and any stranger who had heard him speaking in his loud, rough way, would have wondered to see him, as he knelt on the floor, tenderly covering the sick child with the shawl, his large, strong hands touched her so softly; and when Mr Murray came in with the blanket, the doctor wrapped it all round her, and, lifting her in his arms, said, "Poor little lamb, poor little lamb; now she shall go to a real home."

They all went out to the street together, leaving old Mammy Betsy still sleeping heavily.

"Now, George, put Carrie into the gig, and give this poor little mite to her to hold, and then jump in and drive slowly to Mrs Hines'. I will run round and let her know that she is to have another nursing."

Just as Mr Murray was lifting Katy into his sister's arms, Jolly sprang to his side and laid his hand on him. The boy had been standing quietly at the horse's head, and they had all been so much interested in Katy that they had forgotten him. "What are you doin' with Katy?" he exclaimed, angrily. "I ain't agoin' to have her took away!"

"Tut, tut, boy," said the doctor; "we'll take good care of her."

"But yer shan't have her," persisted Jolly; "ain't I took care of her ever since she was a babby? I tell yer I won't have her took away."

"Can you not trust her with me, Jolly?" said Miss Murray's gentle voice. "She will die if we leave her

here, and so we want to take her to a better home, where she may, perhaps, get well."

"Will I ever get to see her?" asked the boy, more quietly.

"Certainly, you shall. Doctor Allen, why can you not take him around with you, and let him see where we mean to leave Katy?"

"All right," said the doctor. "Come on, then, youngster. George, do you drive slow and steady; she must not be jarred."

They went quickly down the street, turned the corner, and walking up a block or two, stopped at a small frame house, painted white. "You wait here for the carriage, while I go in," said the doctor; and running up the steps, he gave the bell a violent pull.

"I thought it must be you, doctor," said a woman's voice, as the door opened almost immediately; "no one else rings my bell like that."

She was a pleasant-looking woman, Jolly thought, as he caught sight of her for a moment. She looked so neat and comfortable in her brown merino dress, with a shawl thrown over her shoulders, and a white muslin cap covering her gray hair. Could it be that the doctor meant to put Katy into her care? Was she to live in such a nice house as that? Jolly scarcely believed it possible; and while he was standing thinking about it, Mr Murray drove up. Before he had time to spring out of the carriage, the door was opened again, and the pleasant-faced woman came out with the doctor.

"You are ready for us, I suppose, Mrs Hines?" said Mr Murray.

"Oh yes, sir, to be sure. I had nothing to do but to put sheets on the crib. The poor baby," she said, as Mr Murray laid the bundle wrapped in the doctor's blanket in her arms—"the poor baby, won't we nurse her up, and make her well! Poor little dear!"

Jolly did not feel much afraid to trust her when he heard her voice; and when Mr Murray took him into

the house, and leading him into the kitchen, told him to wait there until he came to him, he sat down very contentedly, watching the movements of an Irish girl who was washing dishes at the table. By and by Mr Murray came back and told him that he might go up and see Katy.

Never in his life had Jolly seen such a room as that into which he was led. It was very plain ; there was a common carpet on the floor, and white muslin curtains in the windows, and the furniture was made of cherry-wood ; but it was so neat and bright. There was not a speck on the windows, and the curtains and the counterpane on the bed were as white as new-fallen snow.

Was that Katy ? That little child with such a pure white face, with her hair brushed smoothly back from her forehead, lying there in that sweet, clean bed so peacefully ? Jolly felt almost afraid to look at her, lest she might suddenly vanish from his sight. He stood still at the door, feeling himself unfit to be in such a place.

"Go in, Jolly," said Mr Murray ; "see if she will know you."

They had brought Katy in ; had washed her and dressed her in a little night-gown, and put her to bed without rousing her from the stupor into which she had fallen. Her eyes were wide open, but she had not seemed to see or notice anything. Jolly went up to the bed and stood beside it. She stared at him, but did not speak.

"Say something to her," said the doctor.

The boy bent over the bed. "Katy, speak to your old Jolly."

The child looked at him a moment, then lifting her wasted arm, she put it around his neck, saying, "Jolly's my chum."

She lay so for a minute, then she touched his face with her hand, and as he looked up, pointed out of the window up to the sky, which was now bright with

stars, "Look, Jolly," she said, "my heaven's got bigger."

"You're in a fust rate place, Katy," said Jolly. "Do yer see how gay it is?"

"Yes, I see," said Katy; "aint it nice?"

"Do yer know who fetched you here?"

"Yes," said the child; "my Jesus fetched me. He does everything; oh, but He's good!"

She closed her eyes, and when she opened them again she did not know him. Mrs Hines came out of the room after him, as Mr Murray led him away. "Listen to me a minute, Jolly," she said; "I want you to come here every day to see your little girl. We'll have her bright and well yet, please God. I'll do all I can for her, the little dear."

"Thank you, hearty, ma'am," said Jolly; "I'll be back in the mornin'."

VI.

NEW CLOTHES.

MRS HINES had just seated herself with her sewing, beside Katy's bed, early the next morning, when Peggy, her maid-of-all-work, put her head in at the door, and said, softly, "If you please, ma'am, there's a boy below-stairs who wants to see the little girl. He says he's the one that came yesterday, but he looks different like to me."

Mrs Hines went out and looked over the banisters, down into the lower hall. There stood Jolly himself, but as Peggy had said, "he looked very different like." His face and hands had been scrubbed until they fairly shone with soap and water; his hair was cut *short and combed smooth*, and although his feet were *still bare*, and purpled with walking on the cold snow, *they were as clean as his hands*. His clothes were the

same that he had worn when Mrs Hines saw him the day before, but a large patch had been roughly sewn over the worst rent, and the smaller holes had been caught together with coarse thread. Katy's nurse was glad to see that the poor fellow had been trying to make himself look a little more decent, and it was in a very kind voice that she told him that he might come up-stairs. Jolly came up very softly, and his anxious eyes asked for news of Katy, even before he had time to speak.

"She is quiet now," said Mrs Hines, "and I think that she will know you. How nicely you look. Who has fixed you so?"

"A woman what lives in the same house with Katy. I told her last night I'd go to the gas-house and pick her a big basket of coke, if she'd sew up my duds and cut my hair; so she said she'd trade, and she done 'em pretty good. But I've got to step careful, or I'll go through again; they're awful rotten."

"What made you think of asking her?" said Mrs Hines.

"The sight of that 'ere room," replied Jolly. "I couldn't go awalking over them flowers on the carpet with my dirty feet; and Katy looked so white, I was afeared to come nigh her, and me lookin' like such a ragamuffin."

"That was right, Jolly; now come in quietly and see if she will know you."

There was no doubt whether she recognised him, but when the little thin hand tried to reach out toward him, it fell helplessly on the bed.

"Yer know old Jolly, don't yer, Katy?" whispered the boy.

"Yes," she said, in a very faint, weak voice; "but what made you leave me so long? I was wantin' you."

"*But the lady takes good care of yer, Katy.*"

"*Yes, she's real nice; but I want my own Jolly so bad.*"

"You shall have your own Jolly every day, Katy," said Mrs Hines, "if you will lie still when he is here, and not talk. We must keep you very quiet for a few days, if we want to make you well."

The tears had filled Katy's eyes when she spoke, but she looked up with a smile when Mrs Hines said this, and holding Jolly's hand in hers, seemed to fall asleep.

Pretty soon the doctor came in. He nodded kindly to Jolly, and leaned over the bed to look at the little girl. After a moment he laid his hand on her head. "I want some ice-water here," he said, in his quick way, to Mrs Hines. "Her head must be cooled."

"Is she in much danger?" asked Mrs Hines, when she came back, bringing a basin with some ice-water, and some thin linen cloths.

"She is in the greatest danger," said the doctor. "The crisis is approaching. Twelve hours from now will probably decide whether she will live or die, and her chance for life is fearfully small."

"Why, she seemed so quiet, doctor, I thought she was doing rather nicely."

"She won't be quiet long. Put your hand on her head and feel the heat of it. I must go now, but I will be in again in an hour's time; until then keep her head well wet with cold water."

Almost before he had finished speaking, the doctor was out of the room, and Mrs Hines, with a very troubled face, began to lay the cold cloths on Katy's head. As she turned away from the bed, Jolly came up close to her.

"What did he mean by that?" said he, in a low voice. "What's a crisis?"

"It is the time when the disease takes a turn for better or worse, Jolly. Katy is very ill, her fever is *very high*, and the doctor thinks it will be higher still *before long*, and then it will change. Perhaps she will *be better then*."

"*And if she don't get better, will she —?*" Jolly

hesitated, he could not ask the question which was on his lips.

Mrs Hines laid her hand on his shoulder and said very gently, "Katy is in God's hands, Jolly, and you must try to remember that He loves you both. Tell Him how much you love her, and ask Him to let her be well again. I will ask Him too."

The boy did not answer, and after a moment Mrs Hines said, "Mr Murray told me to send you down to his office this morning. I think that you had better go now, and come back here when he has done with you. You may be wanted by and by, and Katy does not need you now. Here is a bit of paper with Mr Murray's direction on it; you will easily find the place."

Jolly took the paper and turned away, but he went very unwillingly, and before he reached the stairs he turned back. "If Katy ——" he hesitated, and then began again. "If Katy should ——"

"I know what you mean," said Mrs Hines, as he paused again, "If Katy should not get well—what then, my boy?"

"Could I get stayin' with her till—till ——"

"Until the Saviour takes her home?" said Mrs Hines gently. "Yes, certainly, you shall. Come back when Mr Murray can spare you, and you shall stay here until our heavenly Father shows us what is for our little Katy's best good."

If Jolly's heart had not been so heavy, he would have enjoyed his journey down town immensely. Mrs Hines had given him five cents, and told him that he had better ride to Mr Murray's office. It was the first time in his life that he had been on a car, or that he had had any better ride than he could obtain by jumping on the steps of an omnibus or an ice-cart. But this morning, although the sun shone brightly, and the *gaily dressed* people around him all looked pleased and happy, poor Jolly could enjoy neither the ride, the sunshine, nor anything that he saw about him

He could think of nothing but Katy and the doctor's terrible words, "Her chance for life is fearfully small." Many faces looked kindly at him, poor and ragged as he was, as he sat in his corner, so quiet and still, for every one around him could see that his heart was very full, for his lips would tremble and his eyes suddenly fill with tears, although he tried bravely to keep them back.

By and by the car reached the street to which he had been directed, and he soon found his way to the office. Mr Murray was as much pleased as Mrs Hines had been by the change in his appearance, but he soon saw that Jolly cared but little for his praises, his mind was so entirely taken up with other thoughts, and of course he was not long in guessing what the trouble was.

"How is Katy this morning?" he asked.

"Oh, she's terrible bad, sir. I was to Miss Hines' this morning, and the doctor was there. He says that somethin' 's comin'. Miss Hines says he means that Katy 'll get worse, and then she 'll get better, or she 'll —she 'll —"

"Yes, I understand," said Mr Murray.

"We must hope and pray that she may be better; but we must try to believe, Jolly, that God knows what is best for her. You can trust Him, can't you, my boy?"

"No," said Jolly, sharply; "I don't know what yer mean by trustin' Him, when yer say He can make her well if He likes, and yet He won't. If He can, why don't He? What makes Him take away all a feller's got in the world? Miss Hines said He loved both on us; if He does, why don't He make her well?"

"Perhaps He will, Jolly; but we cannot tell. God *does not* always let us know why He makes us suffer, *but it is* always for our good. He is trying you very sorely, I know, my poor boy, but you must try to *trust in His love.*"

"I can't, and you couldn't neither," replied Jolly, in the same fierce tone. "Perhaps yer could, even if He did come and kill off one of your people, 'cause yer ain't got only one. Yer told us t'other day yer had a father and a mother, and two brothers, beside that sister of yourn; but supposin' yer had nothin' but one little gal? Supposin' when yer was tired and cold and hungry, she was rest and fire and food to yer. Supposin' when yer got sick of bein' knocked round, and livin' in the streets like a dog, and wished yer was dead, she come to yer and put her bits of arms about yer neck and told yer not to say so, 'cause she couldn't never live along without yer. Supposin' you'd took care of her since she was a babby, and either one of yer was all t'other had to love in all the world, would yer give her up then? Would yer trust God, as yer say, when He tried to take her away from yer?"

Mr Murray listened very quietly to the poor boy, while he said all this in a half-angry, half-mournful voice; when he had finished, he laid his hand on his shoulder and said, very gently, "I think that I should still try to trust Him, Jolly; because I should remember that the Lord Jesus was once just as lonely and sorrowful as I, and that He left His happy home in heaven and came here to live a miserable life, a life as homeless and loveless as yours has been, and to die an agonising death for me. Did He not show His love then, Jolly? Could He do more to prove it to you and to me than He has done?"

Jolly did not answer. Mr Murray had led him from the office into a little private room of his own, and they had been quite alone. He turned around now and locked the door, and coming back to the boy's side, said, "Let us kneel down here and ask God to spare your little girl to you."

Jolly knelt beside his friend, more in obedience to him than from any wish to pray. He scarcely understood yet what prayer was, for although little Katy's simple faith and love had done something to enlighten

his dark mind, he was still very ignorant. But as he listened to Mr Murray's voice, speaking to God as if He were indeed a dear friend, he began to feel very differently. Mr Murray seemed to be telling God all about him. He told Him what a wretched life he had led, how little Katy was the only comfort and joy he had, and he begged Him to spare her to him, and to raise her up again to life and health. He seemed not only to feel all Jolly's grief and trouble himself, but to expect God to do the same. And then he prayed that God would show Himself to the poor boy as a kind and loving Father, ready to help and to comfort him, even if He should see it wisest and best to take little Katy home to Himself.

Jolly rose from his knees comforted. He could not tell why. There was one thing he felt very sure of, and that was that Mr Murray was his friend; and there was another thing that he was *almost* sure of, and that was that God was his friend too. If Mr Murray had asked him then if he could trust Katy to God's love, he might not have been ready to say Yes, but he would not have answered No, in such an angry, defiant tone as that in which he had spoken before.

"And now," said Mr Murray, as he unlocked the door, "I know that you are in a hurry to go back to Mrs Hines, so I will go out with you at once. I am very glad to see that you have tried to patch up those old clothes, but they look rather forlorn yet, and I think that we must try to make you a little more comfortable. There is a store near here where I think we can obtain what you need. Let us go and see."

You would hardly have recognised Jolly when he came out of that store half-an-hour after. Mr Murray had him fitted with a pair of strong shoes, and the boy scarcely knew himself when he walked out of the *outfitter's shop* dressed in coarse but comfortable *clothes*, with a black cloth cap taking the place of the *ragged hat* which had before pretended to cover his *head*.

"Never mind those," said Mr Murray, as Jolly stooped to gather together the ragged clothes he had taken off, Mr Gray will see that they are disposed of; you need have nothing further to do with them. You have thrown off the old clothes and the old life together, I hope. Let us have no remainder of either."

Jolly did not exactly understand what his friend meant, but he was quite willing to give himself up to his guidance, and followed him from the store very contentedly.

VII.

GOOD NEWS FOR JOLLY.

IF Peggy had been surprised by the change in Jolly's looks in the morning, she was still more astonished when he came back to the house about three hours after he had left it.

"Why," she exclaimed, when she opened the door for him, "and who has been dressing you up so fine as that, I'd like to know?"

"Mr Murray," said Jolly, looking down with a pleased air at his new clothes.

"Well, he is a born gentleman, now; isn't he? I'll just say that for him. You look as handsome as himself, pretty nigh, so you do."

"How's Katy gettin' on?" asked Jolly, cutting short her praises.

Peggy's face changed at once, and she answered sadly: "Ah! she's very bad, poor dear; they'll all be glad to know you're here, for she's been crying after you these two hours past. Wait a bit till I ask *Mrs Hines* shall you go up."

But Jolly did not wait. The news that Katy had been crying for him was enough, and before Peg

had done speaking, he had sprung up-stairs three steps at a time. Before he had reached the room, he heard Katy's voice calling him to come to her, and without waiting to knock at the door, he rushed in and ran toward her.

"Softly, softly," said the old doctor, who stood at the foot of the bed with Miss Murray beside him; "speak very gently."

Jolly bent over the bed and spoke to her, but Katy did not notice him. In vain he called her his "little gal," his "darlin' Katy;" she did not seem to hear, and still the feeble voice rang out its wailing cry, "O Jolly, Jolly; I want my Jolly," as sadly as ever.

Again and again he begged her to look at him, to speak to him; but she would not, and poor Jolly's voice was growing almost as sad in its tone as her own, when suddenly a thought seemed to strike him.

"It's these fine clothes," he exclaimed, starting to his feet and hastily throwing off his new jacket; "she ain't never seen me decent."

Neither had Katy ever seen him in so comfortable a garment as the red flannel shirt in which he now appeared; but he looked more like the old Jolly in that than he had done in his gray cloth jacket; and probably his idea was the true one, for when he leaned over Katy once more and told her to look up and see her old chum, the blue eyes which had wandered so restlessly from one to another fixed themselves on his face with a sharp, searching look.

"Don't yer know me, Katy, darlin'," he said, very softly; "don't yer know Jolly?"

She stared at him without answering, but she did not cry out as she had done; and after a while she lifted her little thin hand and tried to touch his face. He took it in his own big hand and kissed it, and then asked her again if she knew him.

"Yes," she said, feebly, "it's my old chum; but *what made them take you away?*"

"*They didn't take me away, Katy. I was down*

Mr Murray; but I'm come back now, and I won't never leave you again."

"No, don't never leave me; 'cause then bad peoples comes. Look at all them bad ones there," and she pointed to the foot of the bed where the doctor was standing with Miss Murray and Mrs Hines. "That's the way they comes when you go away, and Mammy Betsy comes too; you musn't leave me no more."

So Jolly promised again not to leave her, and kneeling down beside the bed, he put his arm beneath the pillow and drew her close to him, and she put her arm around his neck and laid her face on his breast. She did not lie very quietly at first. Her hands tossed restlessly, and she talked wildly about Mammy Betsy and the doctor; but by and by she grew more still, and finally fell asleep with her head still resting upon Jolly's breast. For a while she moaned, and muttered in her sleep; but after a time she lay perfectly quiet and began to breathe very heavily.

She had been sleeping a long time when Jolly heard Miss Murray ask the doctor if it would be safe to lay her back upon the pillows. He listened for the answer, for he had knelt there until his limbs were so cramped that he could scarcely endure the pain.

"I'm afraid," the doctor said, "it might wake her, and this sleep is her only hope."

That answer was enough for Jolly. He looked up at Miss Murray with as bright a smile as if he did not know what pain was, and knelt on in silence.

The cramp began to spread up to his back and crept down over his arms; the agony was almost more than he could bear, and he bent his face lower lest they should see how much he suffered. But he could not hide it from the doctor's sharp eyes. Pretty soon the old gentleman came round to where he knelt, and the voice which was generally so rough and hard, said very gently, "Shall I lay her back upon the bed? I am afraid that you cannot bear this much longer."

"No," said Jolly, bravely trying to smile again, "I'll stand it, I guess ; 'tain't quite so bad as 'twas, and I'd die before I'd run any risk with her."

"You are a noble boy," said the doctor ; "God will reward you."

Jolly looked up quickly : "Will He cure her?"

"Have you asked Him?" said the doctor, kindly. "If you have not, ask Him now."

And Jolly did ask God to spare his little treasure to him. Kneeling there, quivering with pain, yet boldly determined to bear it all for Katy's sake, he offered his first prayer, and God heard it.

After a time, his limbs began to grow numb and the pain was less severe. Miss Murray brought him a cup of tea and held it for him while he drank it. After that he felt better ; and as he watched Katy's pale face, he thought that she seemed to sleep more easily than she had done. Her breathing was more quiet and regular. He wanted to ask the doctor what he thought about her now, but he had gone over to the other side of the room, and Jolly dared not move nor speak aloud.

Three hours had passed since Katy fell asleep. Jolly had just laid his head against the headboard of the bed to try if that would make his position any easier, when, looking down into the little face which lay upon his breast, he saw that the blue eyes were wide open. He made a motion with his head to Miss Murray, for he was afraid to speak, and she whispered to the doctor. In a moment he was at Jolly's side.

"Speak to her, very softly," he whispered ; "just say her name, no more."

"Katy."

She raised her eyes to his face. "My Jolly," she said, smiling at him—"my Jolly Jim." And then *she closed her eyes as if she wanted to sleep again.*

The doctor laid her gently back upon the bed, and gave his hand to Jolly to help him to rise ; but the boy was so stiffened with cramp that they had to lift

him to his feet, and even then he could scarcely stand. When he was a little better the doctor led him away into the next room.

"I brought you in here," he said, when he had closed the door, "because I was afraid that you could not bear joy as well as suffering. God has heard your prayer. Little Katy is safe. With good care and nursing — Why, my goodness! is the boy going to faint?"

He was pretty near it, poor fellow. After all his excitement and fatigue this good news was almost too much for him; but he managed to reach a chair, with the doctor's help, and a glass of wine soon brought back the colour to his cheeks.

Never was there a happier boy in the world than Jolly was that night. It was a very quiet sort of happiness, a sort of happiness which brought to his eyes the first tears he could remember ever to have felt there, when Mr Murray asked him in the evening if he could trust Katy to God's care now.

"'Deed I can, sir," he answered, earnestly. "'Deed I believe it's all true what you say, sir; and I won't never speak like I did this mornin' agen, sir."

Katy took another long sleep, and when she woke she was quite sensible. She knew them all, and, although she was too weak to speak more than a few words at a time, she seemed very comfortable and happy. Quite early in the evening, Mrs Hines came to Jolly and asked him if he had not promised Katy never to leave her.

"Yes, ma'am," said he, "I said that, but then I'll have to go to my place o' nights, yer know; but I'll be back in the mornin' early, and you needn't let on that I'm gone."

"Suppose that you keep your promise and stay with her both night and day," said Mrs Hines. "*Would you like to stay here for the present, and take care of Katy and me?*"

Jolly did not answer; he did not quite understand

After a moment, he said, "You don't mean for me t' bide in this house along of you, do yer, ma'am?"

"Yes; that is what I mean, Jolly. Mr Murra wants you to leave your old life all behind you from this time forward. He wants you to remain here with me for the present, until he decides what it is best for you to do. Perhaps, when Katy is well enough to spare you, he will get you a place, and then you can support yourself. Will you like to stay here, and take care of us two?"

Poor Jolly could not speak, he could only turn away and hide his face, for he thought he was too big a boy to let a woman see him cry. But when he laid himself down that night in the nice bed that Mrs Hines had made ready for him, he thought that he began to understand what Mr Murray meant by throwing out the old clothes with the old life, and he made a strong resolution that his kind friend should never have a reminder of either.

VIII.

THE KIND OFFER.

MR MURRAY stopped at Mrs Hines' quite early the next morning to see Jolly.

"Now Jolly," he said, when they were seated together in Mrs Hines' little parlour, "I want to tell you what I mean to do for you, and what I want you to do for me. Are you ready to do something for me?"

"I guess there ain't nothin' you can ask that I won't do," said the boy, quickly.

"Thank you, I thought as much. First of all, the *I should like to ask you a few questions. I am afraid that you have not been as good a boy in days past as we could wish; I am afraid that you have some*

taken that which did not belong to you ; that you have not been careful about speaking the truth, and that you have often used bad language. Is that so ?”

“Well,” said Jolly, thoughtfully, “you’re pretty nigh right. Sometimes, when I couldn’t get a thing no other way, I took it ; but then I never took nothin’ from them as couldn’t afford to lose it. As to cussin’ and swearin’, I do go it pretty hard when I’m mad ; but as to lyin’, that I don’t do, leastways not on my own account. I did lie once or twice to Mammy Betsy to save Katy a beatin’, but I think it’s a mean kind of business anyhow. If I’ve been up to mischief, I’ll own up ; I won’t go to lyin’ about it, like a coward.”

“Then here are three things already that I want to have you do for me :—To break yourself off this habit of using bad language ; never to tell a lie on any one’s account ; and never again to touch what belongs to another, be he rich or poor. I want you to promise this—first, because God hates these sins, and, secondly, for my sake.”

“I’ll promise, sure,” replied Jolly ; “but I guess it’ll be most for your sake. You’ve been so good to me and Katy.”

“And has not God been good to you ? You thought so last night. Has He not done a great deal for you ?”

“Yes, I suppose so ; but then a feller can’t seem to get hold of it, somehow,” said the boy.

“I should think that you might get hold of what God has done, Jolly, if any one can. You are grateful to me because I have provided you with good clothes and a pleasant home, but God gave me the means and the will to do it ; I should never have thought of it, if it had not been for Him. And who saved little Katy’s life ?—was it I ? The doctor said that he could do nothing more for her ; no one on earth could help her—that hot fever was burning her life away so fast. *She was almost gone, when a boy, who loved her so dearly that he would have given his life for hers, asked*

God to save her. God heard him, and changed the stupor in which the dying child lay into a sweet sleep which saved her life. And now that boy, whose prayer was so richly answered, stands here and says he cannot get hold of what God has done for him!"

Jolly had been standing before the fire, gazing steadily at Mr Murray while he spoke. A bright, intelligent look broke over his face as the gentleman paused. "I do believe I've got it now," he said, earnestly. "I've been just like a blind' man who's been treated real good, but who won't believe a feller's done anything for him, 'cause he couldn't see him do it. I do believe I know what you mean by trustin' God now, Mr Murray, and I'll do the best I can about them three promises, for His sake and for yours."

"You can read pretty well, Jolly," said Mr Murray, after they had talked a little longer about the three promises. "Who taught you?"

"A big chap as was good to me when I was a little un," said Jolly. "There was a big advertisin' board of a theatre posted upon a fence, round the corner from our place, and he learned me my letters off that, and I managed to spell out all the words by and by. I learned myself to write a bit from that board, too. I got a bit of chalk, and I used to make letters on the side-walk like them on the fence, only not so big. I've learned Katy to read some off signboards like that. They're pretty good schoolin', when you can't get no better."

"How did you happen to meet with Katy," asked Mr Murray, smiling at Jolly's idea of good schooling.

"Why, I went into the house she lived in, one day, to see a feller what lived up-stairs, and I heard a babby cryin' like sixty down in the back basement, just the same basement you took her from t'other night. I *couldn't never stand hearin' a babby cry like that, so down I goes to see what ailed it, and there I found the bit of a thing lying on the floor, with old Mammy's 'lous side of it, dead drunk. I lifted the babby and took*

out on the street, and it stopped its cryin', and put up its bits of hands to my face as soon as I lifted it. I kep it out there all the evenin', till it went to sleep in my arms; it was summer time, then; and then I took it back to the basement, and left it there. After that, I looked after the wee thing a bit. 'Most every day I went to see it, and at last it got so it couldn't bear to have me leave it. So that's the way me and Katy's been livin' along together the past five years. Neither one on us had anybody else, so we just held on together."

"I think that God sent you into that basement," said Mr Murray. "He saw how desolate you both were, and so He gave you to each other that you might be a help and comfort to one another. We must thank Him that Katy is so safe now, and that you too may, if you will, grow up to be a respectable man. I had thought, Jolly, of sending you to school; would you like that?"

"I'd like to go to evenin' school, sir, right well; but I'd rather work in the day. I thank yer very hearty for wantin' to do it, but I can't live on yer no how. Miss Hines said last night you'd thought of gettin' me a place. If yer could do that, I'd work real smart, and earn enough for Katy and me, and go to school o' nights. I'd like to read and write like other folks, but I ain't willin', beggin' your pardon, sir, to be a charity boy, nor to have Katy a charity gal."

"I am glad to see you so ready to help yourself, Jolly," said Mr Murray. "I should be very willing to see that you were taken care of while you attended one of the public schools; but if you had rather take a place at once, I will see that you have one. But you need not burden yourself with Katy just now. You will have as much as you can do for the present to maintain yourself; we will take care of her until you are a little older, and can earn better wages; then, if you still wish it, you may take charge of her. I need an errand boy in my office; would you like to take that place?"

Jolly gave a ready assent, and so the matter was settled. Mr Murray thought it best for him to remain with Mrs Hines through the day, until Katy was little stronger, for she was still too ill to be left alone even for a few moments; but he told him that if she continued to improve, he should begin with his new duties the next week.

When their conversation was concluded, Mr Murray sent him up-stairs to stay with Katy, while Mrs Hines came down to him. When the kind old nurse came into the parlour, Mr Murray told her that he would leave Jolly with her until Katy grew stronger, but that the boy had determined to earn his own living and that he meant to take him into his office when Katy was well enough to spare him. Then he asked her if she would be willing to let them both board with her, and to teach Jolly as much as she could while she was at home.

"Yes, indeed, I'm very willing," said Mrs Hines, "but I don't know that I can teach him much, except to say 'you,' instead of 'yer.' Did you ever hear a boy talk as he does?"

"Oh yes," said Mr Murray, laughing. "He is not any worse than other boys who have grown up like weeds, without any care. But you must do the best you can for him this week. I shall expect to see great improvement in him, for I think he will prove an apt scholar."

"I think so, too," said Mrs Hines, as Mr Murray left her. "I know one thing," she went on, as she closed the hall door after him, "and that is, that his teacher is the best man that walks this earth. Now I'll go down and make some arrow-root for my baby."

So down she went into the kitchen, and in about half-an-hour came up to Katy with some arrow-root in a pretty little china cup, with bright pictures painted on it. Katy did not feel like eating, but when Mrs Hines told her it was to make her well, she opened her lips and let her put a few drops into her mouth.

Then Mrs Hines said she would not plague her any more. She smoothed her pillows, and tucked the blankets nicely around her, and then she kissed her and told her she was a darling baby. After that she sat down by the window with her sewing, leaving Jolly sitting beside the bed, with Katy's hand clasped close in his.

IX.

JENNIE AND KATY.

THE little invalid's strength returned very slowly. Jolly did not go down to Mr Murray's office the next week, nor the next, for Katy needed such constant care that Mrs Hines could not spare him, and, besides, the doctor was afraid that she would fret too much after him if he went away.

So Jolly stayed contented at home, running out on an errand once in a while, but spending the most of his time in playing nurse. Every morning, when Katy was tired of lying in bed, he would bring a large blanket shawl of Mrs Hines', and wrapping it carefully around her, would lift her up and sit down with her in a great rocking-chair by the window. It was a very pretty sight to see them together, the little frail-looking child, lying there so quietly in the strong arms of the bright-eyed, rosy-cheeked boy, with her pale face resting on his broad chest, and her brown curls floating back over his brawny shoulder. Hour after hour she would lie so, scarcely ever speaking, and so still that Jolly often thought she was asleep, until he looked down and found her blue eyes gazing lovingly up into his face.

But by and by she began to take more notice of things around her, and to talk a little once in a while; and sometimes she would lift up her head and say that she was tired of lying so still, and then Jolly

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would walk up and down the floor with her, tellin her stories. He could walk so for a long time without growin tired, for she was so light that she felt n weight at all on his strong arms.

One evening when Katy seemed to feel quite bright Mrs Hines came up to them as they sat together in the rocking-chair, and said, "I wonder if this little girl could spare Jolly to-morrow to go down to M Murray, and let old Aunty take care of her until he comes home again."

Katy's lip began to tremble, and a big tear rolled suddenly down her cheek as she nestled a little closer in Jolly's arms, but she never said a word. She did not want to let him go at all, but she did not like to say so.

"I think that I could take good care of you," said Mrs Hines. "And Mr Murray has been very patient and kind; he has waited for Jolly three weeks already and he needs him very much. Don't you think you had better send him down to-morrow? He will come back at six o'clock, and then he will stay with you all the evening."

Poor little Katy knew that she ought to let him go so she tried to be very brave, winking her blue eyes to keep back the tears which would come so fast, and trying to smile at him when he looked down into her face. Jolly felt almost as bad as she did when he saw what a trouble it was to her; but he knew that it was best for him to go, so he began to tell her what a gay time they would have in the evenings when he came home, and he was so funny and merry about it that when Mrs Hines came to put her to bed, she found her as happy as a cricket by the fireside.

But it was pretty hard for her the next morning. When Jolly came in to bid her good-bye, the little arms clung very tightly around his neck, and it was hard *work not to cry*. Mrs Hines tried not to let her miss *him very much*, but she had to be in the kitchen for *a while in the morning*, and then Katy was all alone

but she was very good about it, and by and by Mrs Hines came up with some nice beef-tea and a piece of toast for her. She took her out of the bed and held her in her lap while she ate it, and then she laid her in bed again and tucked her up nice and warm, and then she brought her sewing, and sitting down beside her, began to sing a sweet hymn, and before Katy knew what she was doing, she was fast asleep.

When she awoke there was her dear old nurse beside her still. As soon as she saw that she was awake, she brought some water in a basin and washed her face and hands, and brushed her hair, telling her, smiling as she said so, that one of these days she would cut off all her curls. Katy knew that she was only playing, so she was not afraid, but began to laugh, and said that Jolly would cry if her hair were cut off, because he loved to play with it. So they chatted away, and were having a very nice time all by themselves, when they heard a tap on the door. Mrs Hines said, "Come in," and who should open the door but Miss Murray. Katy was delighted to see her. There was no one in all the world whom she loved so much as Miss Murray, except Jolly. Miss Murray knew that she would miss him very much that first morning, so she had come in to amuse her.

After she had been sitting there a few minutes, she told Katy that there was a little friend of hers downstairs, and asked her if she would like to see her. Katy wanted to know who it was.

"Jennie Blair," said Miss Murray; "do you remember her?"

"Oh yes!" said Katy; "she's the little Sunday-school girl, the one what brought the shoes and dress. Is she down-stairs?"

"Yes; shall I call her up here?"

"Yes, please do, Miss Murray."

So Jennie came up. They were a little shy of each other at first, but that soon wore off, and it was not long before they were very intimate. Miss Murray

asked Katy if she would like to sit up a little while. Katy was very tired of the bed, so she said "Yes," and Miss Murray lifted her up and sat down with her in the rocking-chair, just as Jolly had done.

"O Miss Murray, ain't she so thin?" said Jennie sorrowfully.

"Yes, she is very thin," said the lady; "but she'll grow fat by and by. We'll feed her up with all sort of nice things; won't we, Katy?"

Katy looked up and smiled, she felt so comfortable and quiet she did not like to take the trouble to speak.

"I wish she was well for Christmas," said Jennie. "Did you know Christmas was almost here, Katy?"

"No, who is Christmas?" asked the little girl.

"Why, Christmas isn't a *who*!" exclaimed Jennie. "Don't you know what Christmas is? It's a day."

Katy looked very much puzzled.

"Tell her what day it is, Jennie," said Miss Murray. Jennie thought a minute. She did not quite know how to explain herself; then she said softly, "It is gentle Jesus' birthday."

Katy knew as little about birthdays as she did about Christmas, so she looked up at Miss Murray for an explanation.

"Christmas is the day on which our Saviour Jesus Christ was born a little baby here on the earth, Katy. It makes us all very happy to think about that, and you know when people are glad themselves, they like to make others glad too; so when that day comes, we send presents to each other, to make one another happy; and every one is very joyous on Christmas day."

"Me and Jolly never had a Christmas yet," said Katy. "When does ours come?"

"It comes at the same time for every one in the world, dear, and you shall have yours this year. Christmas will be here in two days; I wanted to tell you about it before, for Jolly said that he did not think you would know what it meant, but the doctor thought that you would be too much excited over

It is a very happy day for us all, and you shall enjoy it this year at least."

"Do you think she will be well enough to come to the tree?" asked Jennie.

"No, dear. I am afraid that a good many weeks will have to pass away before Katy can go out again. But she shall have a nice little Christmas here at home, with those she loves best. You will be happy enough here; won't you, dear?"

"Yes, I'm all the time happy now," said Katy, as she nestled her curly head on Miss Murray's arm.

Jennie sat very silent and thoughtful. A little girl, six years old, who did not know anything about Christmas, was something quite new to her; she could not understand it. After a while she said, "I suppose you never saw a Christmas tree, then, Katy?"

"No," said Katy; "what's that?"

"Oh, it's beautiful!" cried Jennie, eagerly. "It's a big green tree fixed up in a box; and it's got toys, and candies, and little rosy-cheeked apples, and nuts, and all sorts of good things on it! We have one in the school every Christmas, and we go there and have such nice times. The gentlemen talk to us, and tell us stories; and then we sing hymns, and the teachers give us cakes, and candies, and oranges, and they take down all the nice things off the tree and give them to us. Oh, it's splendid!"

"I'd like to go, real good," said Katy.

"I do wish you could," said Jennie, "but I'll get them to let me bring you lots of goodies. May I, Miss Murray?"

"Certainly you may, dear. And now, Jennie, I think that you and I have stayed long enough. This little girl's cheeks are growing too red with all this talking. The doctor would scold us if he were to see them. So we will leave her to Mrs Hines, and say good-bye."

So they both kissed her, and Miss Murray laid her on the bed, and they went away, leaving her very happy and contented. Mrs Hines brought her a nic

little bit of chicken and some wine-whey, and when she had eaten her dinner, she asked her if she could not take another little nap. Katy said "No," but she was mistaken, for when Mrs Hines turned round to look at her a few moments after, there she lay asleep again. Her talk about Christmas had tired her out.

Jolly came home at six o'clock, and what a nice evening they did have together! He was full of fun, and had any quantity of stories to tell her, and she was so glad to have him back again, that she thought it almost paid for his absence. She told him all that Miss Murray had said about Christmas, and asked him why he had not told her of it before; and then he made her remember how he had found a piece of an old tree in the street the year before, and had nailed it up on the wall of the dark basement, and had bought a piece of candy for her with a penny which some one had given him. She remembered all about it then, and kissed him, and thanked him as if he had but just done it, and told him what a nice Christmas they were to have this year. Altogether they had just as pleasant an evening as any two people could possibly have.

X.

A HAPPY CHRISTMAS.

"MERRY CHRISTMAS, little woman!" These were the first words Katy heard when she opened her eyes on Christmas morning. She had been awake for some time, but it felt very cosy and pleasant to lie there so snug and warm, and hear "Aunty," as Mrs Hines had taught her to call her, moving around, putting the *room to rights*. So she lay still, with her eyes closed, *quite forgetting* that stocking which Jolly had *hewn up by the chimney* the night before. She was *thinking of what Jennie had called Christmas*, "get

Jesus' birthday," and she was so glad to know that it was His birthday that she forgot the stocking and everything else in thinking of that. But soon there was another stepped in the room, and Katy opened her eyes, for she knew that Jolly was coming.

"Merry Christmas, little woman!" he said, in his loud, cheery voice.

"Merry Christmas, Jolly; don't you feel real glad to-day?"

"Yes, I do; but what a lazy little gal you are to be lyin' here this time o' day."

"Jolly!" said Katy, very reproachfully.

"What's the matter now?" asked Jolly.

"Miss Murray don't want you to say gal."

"You don't forget much that Miss Murray tells you, do you?" said he, laughing. "Well, what shall I say then?"

"Say girl," answered Katy, very gravely.

"Well, you're lazy all the same, whether it's 'gal' or 'girl.' I don't believe there's another child in this street that hasn't looked at her stockin' long ago. Do you know it's past nine o'clock?"

"Oh, I forgot the stocking! Please get it, Jolly."

"You must be very quiet, Katy dear, and not let yourself get excited over it," said Mrs Hines, from the other side of the room.

Katy promised, and Jolly went to the fireplace for the stocking. There it hung, stuffed out into the most remarkable shape; but Santa Claus seemed to have left something outside.

"Why, what's here?" cried Jolly, merrily. "Here's a fine lady that's afraid of mussin' her clothes; she wouldn't get into the stockin'," and he held up in his hand the most beautiful dolly which Katy had ever seen.

Mrs Hines need not have cautioned her to be still. *She never stirred, but lay there gazing at it, too much delighted and surprised to speak or move. Jolly came to the bedside with the doll in one hand and the stock*

ing in the other, but she did not offer to touch either.

"Don't you like it, Katy?"

"Oh, yes!" said Katy softly: "but she's too beautiful! She's the most loveliest dolly that ever was!"

"Well, take her, if you like her; she's yours," and Jolly laid the doll in her arms. Katy turned her round and round, looking at her with the most admiring eyes, but evidently almost afraid to touch her.

"What'll you call her, Katy?"

"Carrie Jolly," said she, quickly. "That'll be her name. I'll call her for my two best ones."

"You had better call her 'Carrie'; that's enough."

"No, she shall be 'Jolly' too. Miss Murray is dear and sweet, but she ain't my best so much as you," and she put up her little hand and stroked his face as he sat beside her on the edge of the bed.

"Let's look in the stockin'," said Jolly. "Lay the dolly to one side while we empty it."

So he turned the stocking upside down, and, oh, what riches poured out of it! First, there was a great yellow orange; then, a bird made of white sugar; then a cornucopia with a picture of a beautiful lady on it. Katy said the lady looked like Miss Murray. Jolly could not see the likeness, but then Katy always thought that anything that was pretty looked like Miss Murray. Never did any one stocking hold more goodies than that, and when everything was emptied out Katy felt as if she had provisions enough to last a year at least. There was a stocking for Jolly, too, and something which, like her dolly, refused to go in with the candies and lady-apples. On the mantel-piece was a pair of skates which Jolly declared were the handsomest which had ever been made. They certainly were a very good pair, and Katy was almost as *happy over them* as she was with her doll.

By and by, when she had had her breakfast, and was sitting cosily in Jolly's lap, she began to be a little curious to know who had sent the dolly. At first,

he told her that it was Santa Claus, but she begged and coaxed so to know who was the real giver, that at last he told her, and very much surprised she was to find that it was himself. Where had he ever found so much money? Then he told her all about it. Mr Murray had called him back when he was leaving the office the first day that he went down to town, and telling him that he was sure that he must need a little more money for Christmas, had given him a week's wages in advance. With that money he had bought the doll, and Miss Murray had dressed it for him. If anything could make Katy love Miss Carrie Jolly more than she already did, it was this, to know that her two best friends had given it to her.

Then Jolly amused her by telling her of the pretty sights which he had seen in the streets the night before. The store windows all brilliantly lighted and filled with beautiful things of every kind; the crowds of people hurrying to and fro, looking so gay and merry, with their arms full of parcels. But he thought that the pleasantest sight of all was one which he had seen through the windows of a house not very far from their new home. As he passed the house he heard the sound of children's voices laughing and talking in great glee; so he stopped and looked in at the window. The shutters were open, and the bright light within made it very easy for him to see the whole room. About a dozen children were gathered round a large tree in the centre of the floor, and a gentleman was taking down some of the toys which hung on the tree and giving them to them. There were books and toys, dolls and games, everything that could be wished for on that splendid tree; and the children clapped their hands and danced about with joy as one after another received his gift from the gentleman.

Katy was delighted with the story. "You'll have a tree too, to-day, Jolly," she said, when he had finished. "At one o'clock Miss Murray said you was to go to your tree."

"No, I guess I don't care much about it. I guess I'll stay here and keep you company," said Jolly.

"Oh no, you mustn't!" and Katy sat up in his lap and looked very beseechingly into his face; "I want you to go and have such a nice time. Won't you Jolly?"

"And leave you all alone? That'll be a grand Christmas for you. No, I'll 'bide at home to-day."

"But I do want you to go," pleaded Katy. "Aunt will stay with me. If you don't go you can't tell me about it, and I'd like to know. Please, Jolly, I'll feel real bad if you stay for me."

"You had better go, Jolly," said Mrs Hines. "It will be a great pleasure for you, and I'm sure that Katy really wishes it. She is a dear, unselfish little girl, and it will be a greater happiness to her to have you go and enjoy yourself, than to have you stay with her. Let us send him off, and have a nice little time for ourselves; shall we, Katy?"

"Yes," said Katy; "we'll send the naughty boy away;" and then she hugged and kissed the "naughty boy," as she called him, so lovingly, that he did not feel as if she thought him very bad.

So it was settled that Jolly should go to the Sunday-school Christmas tree. Katy was so afraid that it would be too late that she asked what time it was about once in five minutes; and when twelve o'clock came, although it was a whole hour before the time she was so urgent to have him go, that Mrs Hines called him out of the room, and told him that he had better go to the Sunday-school rooms and see if he could help Mr Murray in his preparations; for she was afraid that Katy would work herself into a fever again.

So Jolly went back to bid the little girl good-bye *and started off*, wishing very much that he could take her with him. And Katy would have been delighted to go, but she knew that was impossible; so she

"good-bye," in a very cheery little voice, smiling as brightly as if she did not care a rush about it.

He had not been gone long when Miss Murray came in, bringing Jennie Blair with her. Jennie's home was right on her way as she came from her own house to Mrs Hines', and she had stopped for her, thinking that Katy would like to see her again. They had such a few minutes to stay that they had scarcely more than time to wish her a merry Christmas; but Miss Murray promised to come in again when the festival was over, and said that she had only stopped then to make sure that Jolly understood that he was to go at one o'clock.

"Oh yes; he has been gone quite a while," said Mrs Hines. "Katy was in such a hurry to get him off that she turned him out of the house at twelve o'clock. I don't think that this is a very selfish child, Miss Murray," and she laid her hand on Katy's head.

"No," said Miss Murray, stooping to kiss the little girl, "I do not think it is. We will all think of her this afternoon, you may be sure. Do you remember whose birthday this is, Katy?"

"Yes, Jesus' birthday. He wasn't selfish, was He, Miss Murray?"

"No, darling, He was not; and I think my little girl is trying to be like Him. Now, Jennie, we must go, or we shall be too late."

So they bid Katy good-bye, and left her sitting bundled up in the large rocking-chair, all alone, for Mrs Hines had gone down-stairs to bring her dinner up. Miss Murray was just opening the hall door when Jennie said, hesitatingly, "Miss Murray, I don't know whether I'll go to the Christmas tree."

"Why not, dear?" asked the lady, closing the door again.

"Because Katy looks so lonesome all by herself."

"But Mrs Hines will be with her in a few minutes, and we shall not be gone so very long."

Still Jennie hesitated.

"You will have to decide quickly, dear, for I must go. I would like to stay with her myself, if I were not needed at the school; but I must hurry away, I have waited too long already. Will you go with me?"

"I think I'll stay," said Jennie. "I want her to have a good Christmas this time, 'cause she's never had one. I'll stay, Miss Murray."

It had been pretty hard to give up the beautiful Christmas tree, about which she had thought so much; but when Miss Murray put her arm around her, and, kissing her rosy cheek, told her she was a brave little soldier, she felt as happy as a bird, and ran up-stairs singing out joyously, "For the Saviour is my Captain," &c.

When Katy heard her coming, she thought that she must have forgotten something, and when Jennie ran into the room, she said, "What's the matter? have you lost something?"

"No," said Jennie, "I've come back, that's all."

"What for?" asked Katy.

"To stay and play with you. We'll have a real nice time, us two; won't we?"

"But ain't you going to the tree, Jennie?"

"No, I thought I'd rather stay here. Are you glad to have me?"

Katy looked at her in surprise for a minute, for she knew that she had wanted to see the tree very much; but all at once she understood how it was, and she put her arms around her little friend's neck, and said, softly, "I do love you, Jennie; I do love you a whole heap," and Jennie felt so glad that she scarcely thought of the tree again.

When Mrs Hines came up she was surprised enough to see Jennie, but she gave her a very warm welcome, *and told her that she was glad to have her there to help them eat their Christmas dinner. A very nice little dinner it was too. There was a roast chicken, a little dish of cranberries, some stewed oysters, and*

rice and potatoes ; and for dessert they had some beautiful white blanc-mange. There was a mince-pie too, which Miss Murray had brought for Katy to give to Jolly ; but that they did not cut, of course, as Jolly was not there.

Jennie had had her dinner, but she did not mind eating a little more ; and so Mrs Hines put the table-cloth up by Katy's big chair, and they all sat down and had the cosiest time that could be.

After dinner Mrs Hines gave the children some pictures to look at, and left them to take care of each other for a while, for she had to go down-stairs to wash the dishes, because she had let her only servant go out. One book which she gave them was full of gaily-painted pictures, and the children enjoyed looking at them very much. Mrs Hines had put Katy into her bed again before she went down-stairs, for she was afraid to let her sit up all day ; so Jennie held the book and showed it to her. Pretty soon they came to a picture of a boy flying a kite, and then they began to talk about kites, and Jennie asked Katy if she had ever seen an air-ball ; Katy said, " No ; what is it ? "

Jennie said it was a ball as big as her head, coloured bright red, and that it had a cord fastened to it, to hold it by, like a kite. " I had one once," said Jennie, " but I lost it."

" How did you lose it ? " asked Katy.

" I was running with it on the street, and the string broke, and the ball went up, up, till I couldn't see it any more."

" But where did it go ? Right up there ? " and Katy pointed out of the window, where they could see the bright blue sky.

" Yes ; it went away up, and I never saw it again."

" Why, I guess the angels have got it to play with," said Katy.

" Why, yes ; I guess they have," said Jennie ; " I never thought of that before. Ain't that nice ? "

So they chatted on about one thing and another until Mrs Hines came up-stairs again. And what do you think she brought with her? Why, another dinner! She had a tray in her hand, and on that tray there was a little white china dinner service, and dinner set out on it. There was a big doughnut, cut in the shape of a trussed turkey; a tiny dish of cranberries, just like the one they had had before, only smaller; some shelled peanuts for potatoes, and some white candy comfits for rice. Then there was a little bread basket with a roll cut into small slices for bread, and two little cakes on plates for pies.

"I thought that when Miss Murray and Jolly came back they would want some dinner, and you would like to give it to them," said Mrs Hines. "Isn't that so? This old china has not seen the light for many a day. I used to play with it myself when I was a little girl, so you must be very careful of it; will you?"

The children were delighted, and promised to take good care of it; and Mrs Hines said, that when the company came, she would go down-stairs and make some tea in a little teapot she had, and Katy could sit at the head of the table and pour the tea, while Jennie carved the turkey.

Pretty soon they came. Not only Miss Murray and Jolly, but Mr Murray, too. And oh, what treasures they brought with them! Candies, cakes, and orange and a pretty book with pictures for each of them. And Jolly had so much to tell; how the room was decked with evergreens and flags; and how beautiful the tree was; and how the children sang, and the gentlemen told stories, and all about it.

Then that cunning little play dinner was set out. The tea, real tea, was brought up, and Katy, propped up again in the big chair with pillows all around her, poured out a cup for each one. And they all drank it, Mr Murray and all! and they ate the dough-

turkey, and all the other things too. Mr Murray asked Katy if she meant to give them such a good turkey every Christmas; and she answered, very gravely, "Yes, if Aunty Hines will give me a dough-nut." And then they all laughed, and she laughed too, although she did not understand why they were so much amused. Altogether it was the merriest dinner-party in the world.

When it was nearly dark, Miss Murray said that they must go home; so they kissed Katy and bid her good-night, and went away, taking Jennie with them.

When they were in the street, Miss Murray asked Jennie if she were sorry that she had stayed with Katy; and Jennie said, "Oh no; I've had a very beautiful Christmas!"

So they left her at her own home, and she ran in merrily to tell her mother what a pleasant day she had had.

When they were all gone, Jolly lifted Katy up in his arms, and, drawing the chair to the window so that she could look out and see the bright stars as they came peeping out one by one, sat down there with her in his lap. She nestled up close to him, with her curly head on his shoulder, and lay looking out of the window very quietly, for she was too tired to talk. By and by Jolly looked down at her and said, "You've had a real good Christmas this time, Katy."

"Yes," said Katy, "a splendid Christmas."

"Don't you love Miss Murray fust rate?" asked Jolly.

"Yes; Miss Murray, and Mr Murray, and Aunty, and Jennie; but Jolly's my best one;" and she caught his big hand in her little thin fingers, and held it lightly. Jolly drew her up closer to him, and bending down, kissed the loving little face that looked up into his.

"So you love me best of all, little girl?" he said.

"All but my Jesus," she said, pointing sky; "He's bester yet."

So that bright Christmas passed happily we will leave them there, sitting together rocking-chair, looking out at the stars w Father in Heaven was lighting up for them

JOLLY AND KATY IN THE COUNTRY.

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JOLLY AND KATY IN THE COUNTRY.

I.

A CHANGE PROPOSED.

"MRS HINES, something must be done with this little girl. I want to see her run about and play like other children."

It was Dr Allen who said this, and when he spoke he was standing in Mrs Hines' second-story front room. Little Katy had been very ill—for a time her friends thought she was going to die—but gradually a strong constitution, by God's blessing, triumphed over disease, and she began to recover. After this Katy grew stronger day by day until she was able to sit up, without being supported by pillows, in a little rocking-chair which her kind friend Miss Murray had given her, and even to walk around the room without help. But there she seemed to pause on her journey toward health and strength, and now for many weeks past they could not see that she had gained any thing. When Mrs Hines took her out she would complain of being tired before they had walked a block, and her little feet would lag wearily, as if she had not power to lift them. If it were on a Sunday and Jolly were with her, he would take her up in his arms and carry her. Many and many an airing she had taken "*riding in her coach*," as Jolly called it. When she was in the *house* she would sit quietly in her rocking-chair, with

Miss Jolly Carrie, her doll, in her lap, gently rocking back and forth, and sometimes singing softly to herself; but she never ran about and played as little children like to do.

"Yes," said Mrs Hines, in answer to the doctor, "something must be done. She has gained nothing in the last three months."

"No, she has been losing ground; those warm days last week have wilted her down to almost nothing. If the summer weather finds her as she is, it will go hard with her. I wish that I knew of some good place far back in the country where I could send her for a few months. She needs a complete change of air."

Mrs Hines seemed to be thinking, for she did not answer. The doctor crossed the room and sat down beside Katy, who was, as usual, rocking herself and her dolly in her little chair.

"Come here, little paleface," he said, "and kiss your old doctor."

Katy rose and came to him. He lifted her up on his knee, and she put up her lips and kissed him very quietly.

"Oh, pshaw!" said the doctor, "what sort of a kiss is that? You don't love me any more."

"I do," said Katy, very indignantly. "You know I do love you, dearly."

"Then why do you give me such a little mincing kiss as that? Why, when I go to see my little nieces, they spring into my arms, and hug and squeeze me until I am almost smothered."

"That don't make them love you any more than I do," said Katy, very decidedly.

"Why do they make such a fuss over me, then?" asked the doctor, smiling.

"Some peoples don't ever make a fuss," replied

Katy. "Everybody don't love the same way, you know. When Jolly loves me he hugs me up and kisses me, and calls me his darling and his pet; but

when I love him I just snuggle up close to him and lie still."

The doctor smiled again. "I wish," said he, "that your Jolly could kiss some colour into your cheeks, and make you look less like a white lily than you do."

"I have thought of a plan, doctor," said Mrs Hines. "I have a brother living up the river, some miles above Albany, who has been wanting me to make him a visit this long time. Wouldn't it be a good thing for Katy to take her up there for a while!"

"The very thing!" said he, joyfully. "You had better write to your brother at once."

Katy was in raptures with the idea of going into the country. What that meant, that word "country," she could scarcely understand, for she had never been out of the city in her life. But when Mrs Hines told her that she should run about on grass greener than the grass in the park, to which Jolly had often carried her; that she should feed chickens, and see cows and horses and lambs; that she should gather flowers in the woods, and hear the birds sing from morning until night, she was in a fever of delighted expectation. But presently she thought of Jolly, and began to wonder if Mr Murray could spare him to go with them. She thought it over quietly to herself for a while, then she asked Aunt Hines about it.

"What do you think Mr Murray will do without Jolly?" she said, looking up at Mrs Hines, who sat beside her, sewing.

"I don't know how that will be, dear. Maybe we will have to go without him."

Katy's face fell. "Oh, I couldn't go without him," she said, quickly.

"Well, we won't talk about it now, Katy. I will write to my brother to-night, and ask him if he can give us a room; and then we will see what can be done about Jolly. I would like to have him go if Mr Murray can spare him, for he has worked hard, and he is looking pretty thin. It would do him good, I think."

Just then there was a noise like a little click downstairs. Katy knew that sound very well—Jolly was coming, that was his key in the door. She started up, but even when going to meet Jolly her weary little feet did not move very fast; he reached the head of the stairs before her.

Jolly had been so accustomed to roaming idly about the streets day after day, that the steady work and somewhat close confinement of Mr Murray's office came rather hard upon him. He had grown thin under it, and the rosy colour had faded from his face. But he was a strong, hearty fellow yet, and I think even if you had not recognised him at first sight, you would surely have known his cheery voice, when he lifted Katy in his arms and, kissing her first on one cheek and then on the other, declared that she was the dearest little girl in all the world.

Jolly was very much improved. Being constantly with Mr Murray, who was a very patient and thorough teacher, he had soon learned to throw aside all his vulgar words and phrases, and to behave like a gentleman. He was very quick and intelligent, and had made good use of his time at the evening school which he attended, having learned to read well, and to write a clear, bold hand. Probably no one who had seen him in his vagrant condition would have recognised the ragged, dirty boy in the tall, neatly-dressed young fellow who snatched Katy up in his arms when she met him just now at the head of the stairs.

"Jolly," said Katy the moment she had returned his caress, "I'm afraid I'm going away."

"What do you mean by that?" asked he, in a voice of great surprise.

"The doctor says I must go to the country."

"Oh, that'll be gay!" said Jolly; "I'm right glad of that."

Katy's face clouded a little. "You don't mean you are glad to have me go; do you, Jolly?" she asked, in a very grieved little voice.

"No, indeed, little woman," and Jolly caught her up again, for he had set her down on the floor, while he turned up his coat-cuffs to wash his hands. "But that will be just the making of you, Katy. You'll be as strong as a lion when you come back. Why, I wouldn't wonder if it should be you that carried me out walking, instead of me carrying you."

This made Katy laugh, and then Jolly asked Mrs Hines what it all meant. So Mrs Hines told him what the doctor had said, and that she meant to write to her brother that evening, to ask him if he could spare them a room. "Do you think, Jolly," she said, after she had told him all about it, "that Mr Murray could possibly let you go for a week or two? I think that you need a little rest."

"Oh, no," said Jolly, "I don't need any rest, I'm all right; and he is so busy I don't think I could be spared just now. Don't be troubled about me, I'll get along first-rate."

"You can ask Mr Murray, at least. He can but refuse if it is not convenient to let you go."

"No, I wouldn't ask him, aunty. He has been too good already. I would like to take a look at the country, and no mistake, but I guess I'll wait a bit. Perhaps some time along in the summer I'll get a chance to run up and see you."

But Jolly looked paler than usual that evening, for he had been in the office all day long writing; and Mrs Hines made up her mind that if he would not speak for himself she would speak for him. She felt quite sure that her brother could accommodate them all, and she determined not to write to him that night, but to wait until the morning and see Mr Murray first. So the next morning she went round to his house early enough to catch him before he went down town. To her great joy, she found him not only willing but glad to let Jolly go.

"I have noticed for some weeks past," he said, "that he is growing very thin and pale. He has had

such a total change of life that he needs rest very much. I wish that he could spend the whole summer in the country; he will make a better farmer than business-man. If your brother has a large farm, why, would it not be a good plan for him to take Jolly for the summer and let him see how he likes the business? It certainly does not agree with him to be so closely confined as he is now, and I think that that life would suit him exactly."

Mrs Hines was greatly pleased with this new idea. Mr Murray promised to talk it over with Jolly that morning, and she went home to write her letter, asking her brother if he could board them all through the summer months.

Jolly came home that evening in high glee. The idea of farming was delightful to him, and he was all impatience for the arrival of Mr West's answer to his sister's letter. In about a week it came. Just the answer which they all wanted. He would be very glad to see his sister once more, and had plenty of room for her two young friends. Mrs Hines had hinted to him that Jolly might like to work on the farm, and Mr West replied that one of his farm hands had just left him, and if Jolly had made up his mind to try it, and would like the place, he would keep it for him. Jolly wrote to him that very night that he would like to engage the situation, and the matter was settled.

Katy hardly knew how to express her joy when she found that they were to go to the country for the whole summer, and that Jolly was to be with them. She sprang into his arms with something like her old sprightliness when he told her: and when he had gone out to evening school she talked to Mrs Hines about it, until she fairly talked herself to sleep in her aunty's lap.

II.

THE JOURNEY.

It was a warm bright morning in June, when the gay little party started off on their summer holiday. Katy's only grief had been in leaving her Sabbath-school teacher, dear kind Miss Murray, but she had given her a half-promise of a visit at some time during the summer, and, delighted with that idea, Katy had bid her good-bye very cheerfully.

Jolly had gone on before with the trunks and Katy's chair, and was to meet them at the boat, for they were to take the boat up to Albany, and remain there over night, as the doctor was afraid to have Katy make the whole journey in one day. So Peggy went down to the wharf with them, to carry the little girl from the house to the car and from the car to the boat, Mrs Hines following with a basket and an umbrella and various parcels; for she never thought herself prepared for a journey unless her arms and hands were so full that she could scarcely carry her riches.

"Are you 'most too tired, Peggy?" asked Katy, looking up into her face. Peggy's face looked very much like a full blown red rose just then, for they were a little behind time and were walking very fast.

"Not a bit, darlin'," said she, in her hearty Irish voice. "You're that light a flea could carry you, and never tire a ha'porth. Oh, but it's lonely I'll be when you're all leaving me!"

"Maybe when we come back you'll come to live with us again. Will you, Peggy?"

"Deed I will do that, if Mrs Hines is wanting me. But you'll come back so fat and hearty that you'll be doing all the work yourself; you'll not be needing Peggy's help."

Just then they saw the boat lying at the dock, and in the gangway stood Jolly looking for them. So aty put her arms round Peggy's neck and gave her

a loving kiss on her broad red face, and then Jolly took the little girl and carried her on to the boat. Katy was a little frightened when he stepped on the gangway and she saw the dark water plashing below them; and she was still more startled when they passed the engine-room, and she saw the fierce red fire and the swarthy engineers with their arms bared and their faces blackened with coal-dust. Jolly never thought of her being frightened, and, delighting as all boys do in noise and bustle, he paused a moment to look at the machinery. He was so interested that he did not notice the tighter clasp of the little arms around his neck, and it was not until Katy gave a quick choking sob that he thought of her.

"Why, Katy," he said, anxiously, "what is the matter?"

"Oh, please come away," she sobbed; "he's so dreadful ugly!"

"Who, Katy? What do you mean?" said Jolly, looking around to see who had frightened her.

"Oh, that man! He's got a red shirt on, and his face is black, and he put his hand on that big iron thing, and then those big poles went up and down, and there's such a dreadful noise here; oh, Jolly, I don't like it!"

"Come, then, don't cry," said Jolly, moving away as he spoke. "We'll go to aunty; she has gone up on deck. But that man isn't ugly; he is the man who makes the boat go. If it wasn't for him we couldn't get to Albany. He is a good man, I guess."

"Then what makes him keep his face so black?" said Katy.

"Why, he has to stay in that little room, else he couldn't make the boat go; and the place is full of coal-dust, that is what makes his face so black. Didn't you see that great fire away down below?"

"Yes, and it frightened me; I don't like it."

"Well, we won't look at it any more. See, there is aunty waiting for us."

Mrs Hines was greatly surprised to see the traces of tears on Katy's cheeks, and when Jolly had explained the cause of them, she laughed, and told him that he had better take her to the side of the boat, and let her see what beautiful white foam the ugly man in the engine-room was making. Jolly carried Katy to the side of the boat, and let her look over into the water. The vessel had left the wharf, and was moving steadily up the river, her great paddle-wheels whirling swiftly around, beating the water into milk-white foam.

"Does the black man make that?" asked Katy.

"Yes, he is making that big wheel turn round."

"Oh, isn't it lovely?" exclaimed Katy, now fully recovered from her fright.

"It looks like a monstrous wash-tub full of soap-suds. Would you like to be bathed in it?"

Katy laughed merrily at the idea. A lady and gentleman, who had been walking up and down the deck, paused at the sound of that happy voice, and the lady said, "What is the matter with your little sister; is she lame?"

"No, ma'am," said Jolly; "but she is not strong enough to walk."

"She looks very sick," said the lady, as Katy turned to see who was speaking to them. "What makes you so thin and pale, little one?"

"I had a fever," said Katy; "but I'm going to the country to get rosy cheeks."

"I hope that you will gain them," said the lady.

"And I'm going to have feet that won't get tired when I walk," said Katy, confidentially.

"That will be very nice; but in the meantime I am glad that you have such a good brother to carry you, when you cannot walk."

"He is real good to carry me; but he isn't my brother; he is"—— Then she hesitated.

"Well, what is he?" asked the lady.

"I don't know what he is, except my bestest boy; and she laid her face down on Jolly's shoulder."

"You dear little pet!" said the lady, and then she passed on again with the gentleman.

Jolly asked Katy if she would not like to walk about a little. At first she was afraid, but by and by, when she saw other children running on the deck as fearlessly as if they were in their own homes, she began to be ashamed of her fears. So she told Jolly she would go over to aunty, who was sitting at some distance from them; and to show how brave she was she determined to go alone. She had only walked a few steps when the boat gave a sudden lurch, and she would have fallen if Jolly had not caught her. But she would not give up what she had undertaken.

"No, no, I wasn't frightened," she said, struggling out of his arms; "let me walk to aunty."

So he put her down, and walked close beside her. He had to put his hand out twice to steady her, but she reached aunty safely; and when Mrs Hines lifted her up on her lap, and told her that she was a brave little girl, she felt well repaid for having tried to overcome her foolish fears.

For an hour or two Katy enjoyed the sail very much, but by and by she grew tired, even too tired to enjoy listening to Jolly as he walked up and down with her, telling her stories. "Oh," she said at last, "I wish I could go to bed."

"You can go down-stairs and lie on a sofa, if you like," said Jolly.

"Let's ask aunty if I may go," said Katy.

So Jolly carried her back to Mrs Hines, and they all went down-stairs together. Mrs Hines laid the little girl on a sofa, covering her up with a shawl, and in a few moments she was fast asleep. When she waked up she was very hungry; so Mrs Hines opened a little basket which she had kept close beside her all this time, and gave her some lunch. There were some *biscuits split open and buttered, with thin slices of ham laid between, and some nice little red apples.*

Jolly brought some water, and they all sat down together and made a very good meal.

It was a pretty long day for Katy, and she was almost worn out before night came. They were to spend the night with Mrs Hines' sister, who lived in Albany, and very glad poor little Katy was to reach her house, and be tucked snugly away in bed.

As for Jolly, the day had been one of unmixed pleasure to him. He had made friends with the engineer, and the man had explained the machinery to him, showing him all its different parts, and teaching him the use of each, until the boy felt that he understood it fully. He was delighted with the water, too—the clear dark water through which the beautiful boat moved so swiftly and steadily, and he leaned over the gunwale, forgetting everything around him in watching the dashing waves. He was not glad to reach Albany. He would have liked to spend another day on that beautiful river.

But Jolly's enjoyment reached its height the next day, when, seated in the cars, they were whirled over the country toward Salem, the little village near which Mr West's farm lay. His eyes, so long accustomed to brick walls and stone pavements, fairly feasted themselves on the wide expanse of green fields and the waving branches of tall trees. Again and again he broke out into such loud exclamations of surprise and pleasure that Mrs Hines had to check him, for he attracted the attention of every one around. Katy enjoyed it very much, too; but she had not yet recovered from yesterday's fatigue, and she was quite content to sit still on his lap and let him tell her of all the beauties which she could not see without lifting her head.

It was afternoon before they reached Salem. When they left the cars, there was Mr West waiting for them. He seemed very glad to see his sister, and gave Jolly and Katy a hearty welcome. Putting Mrs

Hines and Katy into a waggon which stood near the depot, he told Jolly to jump in and hold the horses while he brought the trunks. Jolly had often held a horse by the bridle for the sake of earning a few pennies, but he had never sat on the driver's seat and held the reins before, and he felt quite proud of his position. Mr West brought the trunks and Katy's chair, and then, jumping up beside him, held out his hand for the reins. Jolly was giving them up rather reluctantly, when the farmer said, "Perhaps you would not object to driving."

"Not at all, sir," said Jolly, colouring with pleasure.

"Well, then, I will leave the ribbons in your hands. Drive right up the road before you. I will tell you when to turn."

Jolly then touched the horses lightly with the whip, and they began to move very slowly and deliberately up the road.

Mr West turned round with his back to the horses to talk to his sister. He had a very pleasant face, round and rosy, with a pair of bright gray eyes like Mrs Hines', and crisp curly hair, which was fast turning from black to white. After he had asked Mrs Hines a great many questions about their sister in Albany, and their New York friends, he began to talk to Katy.

"What have you been doing to your face?" said he; "chalking it?"

"Oh, no," said Katy, putting up her hand to hide her pale cheek, for she was beginning to feel quite ashamed of the white face which every one seemed to notice. "I've been sick; but I've come here to get well."

"Then you've come to the right place," said the farmer. "All the faces in Salem are either brown or red. We don't raise white faces here."

Katy looked rather dismayed. "I don't want a *red face like Peggy's*," she said; "I only want a little *pink like Miss Murray's cheeks*."

"Well, don't be troubled about it," said Mr West,

laughing; "you won't have any too much colour yet awhile. But I don't believe," he added, turning to Jolly, "that you will be much afraid of browning your skin."

"I guess not," said Jolly, smiling; "the colour of my face don't make much difference to me. Which road, sir?" for two roads branched off here, one on either side of that on which they were travelling.

"To the left; but the horses know their way home, you will scarcely need to guide them."

So Jolly let the reins lie loosely on the horses' backs, and to be sure they turned up the road to the left without a moment's hesitation. But when they had gone on a little farther they stopped short. A steep hill lay before them, and to all appearances they did not mean to climb it.

"Get up!" said Jolly, giving the reins quite a sharp twitch, for the horses looked perfectly settled in their purpose to stand still.

"Never mind," said Mr West, in a very easy tone; "they'll do it when they're ready. They generally take their own time for this hill, it's a pretty rough one. They'll bring us home in time for tea."

Jolly said no more, but sat watching the horses, as for a few moments they tossed their heads, and switched their long tails over their sides to drive off the flies. By and by they began to move slowly on, and once moving they did not pause until they had reached the top of the long hill. There they stood still again, as if they thought that they had quite fulfilled their duty in pulling that heavy waggon up the steep ascent.

"There isn't another pair of horses in this country that does that hill as that pair does it," said the farmer, looking at his favourites in a very gratified manner, as they stood calmly switching their sides again. "All the farmers about here jump out of their waggons to lighten the load when they reach this hill, and the *teams mostly have to rest half-way up, beside.*"

"I should think the waggons would slip back if they stopped on such a steep hill as this," said Jolly.

"So they would if they didn't scotch them."

Jolly looked mystified. He was going to ask for an explanation, when Mr West said, "Perhaps you are too much of a city boy to know what 'scotching' is?"

"I was going to ask, sir."

"It is only putting something behind the wheels to keep them from slipping. In the old country there used to be little boys, and girls too, who made it their business to watch at the foot of steep hills for waggons and carriages going up, and run out and scotch the wheels for a penny or two, just what people pleased to throw them; but here each man waits on himself. They build the heavy waggons now with brakes, so that they cannot slide, but my old grays don't need any brakes, they can carry the heaviest waggon up the steepest hill. Gee up, there, old boys!"

The horses tossed their heads and neighed at the sound of their master's voice, and started forward on their homeward journey.

They reached the house in time for tea, as the farmer had predicted, and very glad the travellers were to sit down to the bountiful supper which had been prepared for them. The table was spread in the kitchen, where the family took all their meals; and as Katy sat eating her bread and milk she could look out of the open door at the western sky, where the sun was just setting behind the most beautiful crimson clouds.

III.

A COUNTRY SABBATH.

WHEN Katy woke the next morning, she could not at first recollect where she was. She rubbed her sleepy eyes and looked again, but still she did not recognise the room. Those white muslin curtains in the windows looked like home, but where had the great elm tree which swept its long waving branches into the window come from? And round the other window clung the branches of an early running rose-bush in full bloom. Katy could see the soft pink flowers from where she lay in bed. And then there was such a perfect stillness in the air; the only sound that she could hear was the gentle twitter of a bird. As she lay listening and wondering, a whole choir of birds suddenly broke into joyous song, filling the air with glad music, praising the God who had made the earth so bright and fair. That burst of music roused Katy; she had been but half awake before. Now she remembered where she was, and she lifted her head from the pillow, and raising herself on her elbow looked around the room. At first she thought she was alone, but as she turned her head she saw her dear aunty at the window on the opposite side of the room, for this room had windows on two sides. Mrs Hines was not sitting down, she was kneeling there, looking up at the clear blue sky; and when, hearing Katy stir, she turned toward her, Katy thought that she had never seen that sweet face look so lovely. Mrs Hines rose and came to the bedside.

"Does my little girl see what a beautiful day her heavenly Father had sent her?" said she.

"Yes. What a bright sun they have in this country," said Katy. "You look so happy, aunty. What makes you look so glad?"

"God has made all things glad to-day, darling. It is His holy Sabbath. I am glad because this world is

so beautiful, and because I know that He who made it so is my Father."

"And mine," said Katy, very softly.

"Yes, dear, your Father, too."

Then Mrs Hines took the little girl up, and washed and dressed her. Katy had slept so late that breakfast was over and the dishes washed and put away before she went down-stairs. When she came into the kitchen with Mrs Hines the family were all ready to start for church. But her breakfast had been kept for her, and no one seemed to think that she was at all to blame for having overslept herself. Mr West lifted her up in his arms and kissed her, and then he carried her to the door to see the little chickens that were running about in the grass, busily eating some crumbs which had been thrown out to them. Katy was in raptures over the little things with their gentle "peep, peep;" and she clapped her hands in glee when their mother, an old speckled hen, called them with a loud "cluck, cluck," and they all scampered to her as fast as their short legs could carry them, "peep"-ing all the way.

"Is there any rosy in my cheeks yet?" said Katy, as the old farmer carried her in again, and put her down on a chair by the table to eat her breakfast.

"Do you feel any rosy there?" asked he, laughing; for Katy had put her hand to her face as if she expected to find something.

"No, I don't feel any. Peggy's cheeks are very rosy indeed, and they are all rough and hard."

"I guess we won't make yours rough and hard. We'll have them fine and red before long, but I think we'll leave them soft."

"Well," said Katy, very contentedly, and began to eat her breakfast. Pretty soon she put down her knife and fork, and pushed her plate away.

"What now?" said Mr West. "Don't you like it?"

"Yes, it is very good, but I don't feel hungry."

"You haven't eaten enough to keep a fly from starv-

ing," said the farmer. "Is that all the child eats at home?" he asked, turning to Mrs Hines.

"She has eaten more than usual," said his sister, "but she will do better by and by; this air will soon give her an appetite."

Mr West looked very much troubled. His own children were stout, hearty boys, who ate everything eatable that they could lay their hands on, and he could not understand how any one could live on a mouthful of bread and a little sip of milk from breakfast until dinner-time. He told Mrs Hines that it was time for them to start for church, but that if Katy made up her mind to eat anything, she would find plenty in the larder. Mrs Hines was not going to church that morning, she thought it best for her to stay at home with Katy; so Jolly jumped into the waggon with Mr West and his two boys, and the old grays started off again in their deliberate walk, leaving Katy alone with her aunty.

There was one thing about this house which surprised Katy very much. There was no woman in it. The farmer and his two boys lived there by themselves. Mrs West had died when Dick was a baby; and as the boys had no sister, there was no woman in the family. A girl who lived near came to the house every day to prepare the breakfast and dinner, and keep the house clean, but she went back to her own home at sunset. It seemed very strange to Katy that they had no kind aunty as she and Jolly had.

After they had all gone, Mrs Hines led Katy out to a rustic bench beneath the large elm tree, the branches of which had swept so saucily in at the window of the bedroom, and they sat down there. She had a book in her hand, and she told Katy that she was going to read, and she might either sit there beside her or run about in the grass, whichever she liked best. Katy preferred to stay where she was, and she sat very quietly looking at the little house, and thinking.

Mr West's house was a snug little place. It was

quite small, at least the main part of it was, but there was a sort of back building which had been added to the rear, making it much more spacious. The kitchen was in the lower part of this building, and above the kitchen was the boys' room, and a large store-room, where all sorts of good things were put carefully away for winter use. The house stood in a valley, snugly sheltered by the blue hills which rose both before and behind it. Across the road, standing in the midst of a green meadow which stretched away to meet the hills, were the barns and farm-buildings. There was a flock of sheep in this meadow, and Katy could see them frisking about on the grass; the little lambs running to and fro, dashing merrily across the field at one moment, and the next standing still and turning their pretty heads from side to side, as if on the lookout for danger. In an adjoining field was a brook, with cattle grazing near it. The blue hills stretched as far as Katy's sight could reach, and seemed to melt away into a soft haze in the distance.

The little girl had been sitting very still for a long time, her eager eyes drinking in all these beauties, so new to her, with great delight. "Auntie," she said, at last, "isn't this a very Sunday?"

"What do you mean, Katy?" said Mrs Hines, putting down her book and laying her hand on the curls which were just growing long enough to fall around Katy's neck.

"I mean," said Katy, "it seems more Sunday than other Sundays. Don't you think so? It is so lovely here, and so still. It seems as if God was all around us, someway. Just like these hills are all around this little house."

"That is what the Bible says, Katy. It says, 'As the mountains are round about Jerusalem, so the Lord is round about His people.' Do you like to feel that *God is so near?*"

"Oh, yes! Don't you? I feel as if I was all safe. I wonder, auntie, why the people in New York don't

all come to live here. I don't think they'd ever be naughty again if they did. It doesn't feel as if one could be naughty here."

"People have bad hearts everywhere, Katy; but I think that it is easier to do right when we seem so near to God as we do here."

"I think so, too, don't you?" said Katy. "Aunty, I don't believe that those wicked men would have killed our dear Saviour if they had lived here. I wish they had lived here, don't you?"

"Yes, I wish so, if it would have made them good."

"This is almost as pleasant as Sunday-school. I wish Miss Murray was here; wouldn't that be nice?"

"Yes, I wish she were here. Now, dear, we will go in, and have something to eat, it is long after dinner-time."

"But they haven't come home from church," said Katy.

"Oh, they won't be home before evening. They stay all day because it is so far to come back. They have taken a lunch with them."

"Why, do they eat in a church?" exclaimed Katy.

"No, they go out and sit under the trees in the summer-time. They have Sunday-school after the morning service, and then they take half-an-hour to eat their lunch, and afterward they have the afternoon service, and come home to tea."

"Isn't that a funny way?" said Katy smiling.

"It seems funny to you, because you have never lived so far away from church before, but they do so very generally in the country."

So they went in and had their little dinner all by themselves. Mrs Hines made it ready herself, for the girl who cooked during the week never came on Sunday. But it did not take long to prepare it. Mrs Hines brought out some bread and butter, and a cold ham, and they had a piece of pie for dessert, *that was all their dinner.* But even Mr West would have been *satisfied if he had seen what a large piece of bread*

and ham Katy ate. The long morning in the fresh country air had done her good already.

"I think," said Mrs Hines when they had finished their dinner, "that you had better go upstairs and lie down a little while, when I have put away these dishes. It is nearly three o'clock and you ought to rest a little. I will take this ham down to the cellar and then we will go up."

There were two doors to the kitchen, one opening to the west, the other to the east. When Mrs Hines came up from the cellar Katy was standing in the western door, in the midst of a stream of golden sunlight which fell across the room from end to end. Her hands were clasped, and her face lifted to the summer sky, while the bright sunbeams flickered over her forehead and through her brown curls. For a moment Mrs Hines watched her as she stood so; then the little hands dropped slowly and unclasped themselves; and Katy sitting down upon the door-step rested her cheek upon her palm and looked up at the sky.

"Katy."

She lifted her face, and Mrs Hines thought that the little angels in heaven must look as Katy looked then, her deep blue eyes were so full of peace and love.

"What were you doing just now, Katy?"

"I was only telling my Jesus how glad I am," said the little girl. "Don't you think He'll be glad to know?"

"Yes, darling, I think He will."

"I think so, too. Now, I am ready to go to bed, if you want me, aunty."

So they went up stairs together, and Mrs Hines lifted her up on the bed, and she lay there resting all the afternoon, until it was time for the church-goers to come home. She was standing on the low, flat stone before the door, when the old grays came slowly up to the gate.

"*Why, Katy,*" exclaimed Jolly as soon as he saw her, "*how bright you look! What have you been doing to yourself?*"

"Oh, it's this beautiful country," said Katy. "It is the most loveliest place!"

"It is, eh? That is what you think about it, is it?" said Mr West, lifting her in his arms. "Why, I do believe you have grown heavier since morning."

"I've eaten a great big dinner," said Katy. "Aunty said it was the country air. Isn't it a lovely place?"

"Yes, I think it is," said the farmer, greatly pleased with Katy's enjoyment of his home; "I like it better than any place I know."

"Don't you always be very good here?" whispered the little girl.

"Not always, Katy. The tempter comes to Salem as well as to other places, I'm afraid. He leads us all into sin sometimes."

"I wish God wouldn't let him come," said Katy. "He spoils everything, don't he?"

"Yes, my child, but we must fight against him. The dear Saviour who lives up there beyond that blue sky, will give us strength to resist him if we pray for it. Do you know that dear Saviour, little Katy?"

"Yes, and He knows me," says Katy, laying her soft cheek against his rough face. "I'm His own little girl."

The old farmer bade God bless her, then he put her down on the door-step again and went into the house.

Pretty soon Mrs Hines called them all in to tea. What a hungry company they were! Katy fairly laughed aloud to see the great plates of bread disappear before those stout boys, and Mr West was almost as bad as they.

"Never you mind," he said, when she broke out again with her merry, ringing laugh, on seeing another plate emptied; "never you mind, one of these days the bread and butter will melt away before you too. I warrant that in two months' time you will eat more than all of us put together."

The boys laughed at this; so Katy laughed again, and they were all very happy together. After supper

they went into the sitting-room, and Mr West took Katy on his knee, and told her a story out of the Bible : the story about God calling Samuel. Then Frank, the farmer's oldest boy, told her that if she would sit on his lap he would tell her another story. So she slipped down from his father's knee ; but she kissed him first, lest he might feel hurt by her leaving him. And so she went round from one to another, each one promising her a story. The boys had learned to love her already, although she had been but one day in the house. A little girl in the family was something quite new to them, and Katy was such a tiny little mite that she seemed just made to be petted and loved. Aunty began to be quite afraid that she would be spoiled by them all. By and by Jolly's turn came. Each of the others had taken her on his lap and told her a nice story, and now he held out his hand and told her to come to him. She nestled down with her head on his arm, and lay waiting for his story.

"Once upon a time," said Jolly, "there was a little girl who had only one friend in the world, a boy——"

"And his name," interrupted Katy, "was ——"

"Never mind his name," said Jolly. "The little girl had only this one friend, and they loved each other very much. But after a while the little girl found some other friends, a gentleman and two ladies. They were very kind and good to her, and she loved them dearly, but I think she loved the boy best. By and by they went to live in the country, and there was a kind old gentleman, and two boys, who all liked this little girl very much, and were very kind to her, so kind that she began to love them better than she loved her one old friend."

"Then she was an ugly, naughty girl," interrupted Katy, "and if I'd been the boy I'd have pushed her off my lap and told her to go away."

Jolly laughed, and instead of pushing her off drew her up closer to him.

"That ugly girl was'n't me, was it, Jolly?" whispered Katy, cuddling up a little nearer.

"No, I don't believe it was," said Jolly.

"'Cause, you know, even if I had a hundred people to be good to me, I could love them all, and love you bester yet, couldn't I, Jolly?"

"Yes, I guess you could," said he.

Then Mr West said it was about time for prayers. Frank brought the Bible, and his father read that beautiful chapter which tells us how our Saviour, when He was on earth, raised the dead brother of the two sorrowing sisters to life. Then they all knelt down while he prayed that God would keep them safely through the dark night, and raise them up in morning to enjoy another day, and give them health and strength to serve Him. And then he made a little tender prayer for Katy, that God would restore her to health, and let her gain strength daily in her new home, and live to be a treasure and blessing to all her friends, and an earnest worker for the Master.

Katy understood every word of that prayer, and when she bade the old man good night she put her arms around his neck and whispered in his ear, "You do love little Katy, don't you?"

"Yes, little one, I do," he said; "God bless your sweet face."

Then Jolly carried her up stairs, and so ended that happy Sabbath day.

IV.

FRANK.

THE next morning Katy was up and dressed in time for breakfast; and when she came into the kitchen the boys cheered her. She was startled at first, and *drew back* quickly behind aunty, while her face *flushed*, and her lips trembled; she was almost crying

"Hush, boys. She can't stand such a noise," said their father, and putting out his hand he drew Katy to him. "Never mind it, little one," he said, "these boys are not used to little girls, but they don't mean any harm; they are only glad to see you."

Katy looked up and smiled, but there was a pretty high colour in her cheeks yet.

"There is some rosy here this morning," said the farmer, touching her face. "Do you feel it?"

"Yes, it feels pretty warm," said Katy, "I don't like it very much."

"Try if you like that fresh milk any better," said he, lifting her to a seat beside him.

She seemed to like it very much better, for she drank quite a large bowl full, and ate a piece of bread beside. Mr West was delighted.

"Oh, you will do yet," he said, when she turned up the empty bowl to let him see that the milk was all gone. "Now, boys, it is time to be off to work."

They all went away together, but Mr West came back to put his head in at the window and tell Katy that he would send one of the boys back when the grass was dry to take her out, and show her some new kittens that were over in the stable. Mrs Hines had told Ellen, the girl who worked for Mr West, that she would clear up the kitchen as Ellen had to wash clothes that morning, and Katy felt so bright and well that she was very anxious to help her. But Mrs Hines said she had better save her strength for her walk, and she put the child's little round hat on her head, and carrying her rocking chair out on the flat stone by the front door, told her to sit down there in the sunlight.

Katy sat down with a picture-book, and there she stayed all alone while aunty put things to rights inside the house. Once in a while aunty would come *to the window* and ask her how she was getting along *all by herself*, and she would look up and say, "Oh, *it's lovely!*" "*Lovely*" was Katy's great word, every-

thing that she loved, or liked to look at, from Miss Murray down to the little flies buzzing over the window panes, was "lovely" to her. She had been sitting there quite a long time, when she heard some one whistling. She looked up to see who it was, and there was Frank coming up the road with a rake over his shoulder, whistling all the way. He had on no coat, and his trousers were turned up at the ankle, showing a pair of rough boots well covered with fresh mould, for he had just come from a new ploughed field ; but his face looked so bright and pleasant that Katy cared very little about the clothes.

"There is my princess," said he, when he caught sight of her. "Would she like to make use of the services of her humble subject?"

Katy did not know what he meant by that, but she saw that he looked very merry, so she laughed.

"Talk plain English, Frank," said Mrs Hines from the window, "that little girl can't understand anything else."

"Well, then, would the little girl like to have her cousin Frank carry her over to the stable to see the kittens? Is that plain English?"

"Oh, yes, I'd like to go ; but are you my cousin Frank," said Katy, as she slipped her little hand into his.

"Why, yes, I suppose so. If my aunt Mary's your aunty, I should think that we must be cousins. Isn't that so?"

"I don't know," said Katy, "but I'd like to have a cousin."

"Well, then, take me for one, will you?"

"Yes, I think you'll make a real nice one, don't you?"

"Of course I do. Come, then, shall we make a call on Mrs Kitty and her babies?"

He was going to lift her up in his arms, but Katy drew back, "I'd like to walk," she said.

Mrs Hines was delighted. It was the first time that

she had heard her ask to walk, and she knew that it was a good sign.

"Shall I let her try it, Aunt Mary?" asked Frank.

"Yes, it will not hurt her, but do not let her tire herself too much. Take good care of her, Frank."

"You may trust me," said the boy; and as Mrs Hines watched him as he crossed the road, leading Katy by the hand, and carefully guiding her little feet in the smoothest path, she felt that the child was perfectly safe with her new cousin. She followed them with her eyes until they turned from the road toward the stable, then she sat down to her work again.

Frank led Katy up to the door and unbarring it took her in. One side of the stable was lined with stalls in which stood the farm-horses, all at rest to-day except two that were ploughing in the field from which Frank had come. Katy felt a little afraid, but she did not like to say so; so she only clasped Frank's hand tighter and said,—“Your horses never hurt little girls, do they?”

"No, never," said Frank. "Maybe you would like to be carried now?"

"Oh, yes," said Katy, quickly, "I would like it," and she felt quite safe when she was seated on Frank's strong arm, with her own arm around his neck.

"Here are the kittens," said the boy, "in this basket."

He put her down on the floor again that she might see them more easily, but he stood between her and the horses' stalls. Katy looked into the basket. There was the old mother cat, a pretty gray puss, with black ears and paws; and crawling around her were five tiny kittens. Three were gray like their mother, and the other two were spotted, black and *white*. Katy, as usual, when anything pleased her *very much*, stood perfectly still.

"*Don't you think them pretty?*" said Frank, rather *disappointed* by her quietness.

"Oh, I think they're lovely! Oh, they're too sweet! I do wish Miss Murray had one!"

"Who is Miss Murray?" asked Frank.

"She is the dear lady who took me to Sunday-school, and brought me away from Mammy Betsy to give me to aunty, when I was sick."

Frank had heard about Miss Murray before, but he had not recognised the name. "Oh, yes, I know," said he. "Poor little Katy!"

"I'm not poor little Katy now," said the child; "I'm happy Katy."

Frank smiled and went into one of the stalls to arrange the collar of a horse which had slipped over the animal's head and was making him very uneasy.

"Oh, Frank, I'm afraid he'll bite you," said Katy, in great alarm.

"Not a bit of it," said Frank, "he wouldn't think of such a thing."

She did not feel at all willing to trust his word for that, and she stood looking on very uneasily. Just as Frank came out of that stall her eyes fell on the next, in which stood a cow with a little spotted calf beside her.

"Oh, Frank, look!" she exclaimed, clapping her hands together. "Is that the cow's little kitten?"

To her great surprise Frank put his hands on his knees, and bending almost double, laughed until the rafters rang again. Katy stood still, looking at him. At first she laughed, too, but, by and by, as the boy broke out again and again with his hearty peel of merriment, her lips began to tremble and her eyes filled with tears. Frank did not notice it until she said in a quivering voice, "Please, Frank, don't do so."

Then he turned and looked at her, his black eyes dancing and his mouth twitching. "I won't Katy," he said, "but I couldn't—" and then he broke out again, and sitting down on the stable floor he laughed until the tears rolled down his cheeks. Katy did not

know whether to laugh or cry, but Frank soon helped her out of her difficulty by jumping up and telling her to come and see the chickens. But wherever they went and whatever he showed her seemed to suggest the merry subject to him, and every little while he would burst into a laugh and ask her how she liked the cow's little kitten.

Katty was as much pleased with the poultry yard as she had been with the stable. The turkeys and geese and chickens were strutting and cackling and clucking, each one seeming to think that the little girl had come all the way from New York, especially to see him. But when Frank threw them a handful of corn they forgot her in their hot struggle for the grains. Such a pushing and crowding, such a flapping of wings and screaming and fighting you never saw, unless, like Katy, you have watched a couple of hundred of fowls with but a handful of corn among them.

Then they went into the chicken-house. All along the wall of the house there were boxes nailed at a little distance from the floor. In each box there was a soft, warm nest of hay and feathers, and on almost every nest there sat a hen. Frank went to a bin which stood in a corner, and taking from it some corn which he threw on the floor, called, "Kippie, kippie, kippie!" Some of the hens jumped up on the edge of the nests, looked around for a minute or two, turning their heads from side to side, and then flew down and began to pick up the grains.

"These chickens are nicer than the others," said Katy. "The rest are too greedy."

"These would be just as greedy if they were outside," said Frank, "but they are a little afraid to leave their nests when we are here. I'll show them to you while the hens eat their dinner."

He led her over to the nests, and showed her the pretty white eggs. In some of the boxes there were only eggs, but in others there were tiny little chickens

so tiny that they looked like little black or yellow balls, and they rolled about and tumbled over one another much to Katy's distress. She was afraid that they might be hurt ; but Frank said that they were too soft to hurt each other. In one of the boxes there was a poor little chicken in great trouble. It had forced its head through the shell, and there it lay rolling and struggling in a vain effort to break away from the net in which it was caught. After they had watched it for a few minutes Frank lifted it from the nest, and very gently and carefully broke a little of the shell away ; then he laid it back on the warm bed of hay and feathers. The chicken made another attempt to free itself ; it struggled and kicked with all its strength, and at last, to Katy's great joy, out it tumbled, another little yellow ball just like the rest of the chicks in the nest.

And now Frank said that it was noon, and they must go in to dinner. So he carried her through the meadow, and across the road to the house. Just as he opened the gate they saw Mr West and the boys coming, and they stood still waiting for them. When they came up, Jolly held out his arms to Katy, and in a moment she had sprung from Frank to him.

"Oh you little turncoat !" said Frank, "you thought I was very fine until Jolly came. Now I may go, I suppose."

"No, you mustn't say that," said Katy ; "I think you're real nice and good ; but I must love my Jolly."

"Yes, yes," said Mr West, "she is right, Frankie, let her hold on to old friends. You shall love Jolly best, my little girl. But now tell me what you have seen this morning."

"Oh, such lovely kittens," said Katy, "and horses, and turkeys, and ducks, and a little chicken that pulled hisself out of his shell, and big chickens eating corn, and a little—a little——." She hesitated and looked at Frank. To her great indignation Frank put his hands on his knees again, and bent double with

laughter. His brother Dick and Jolly laughed too, to hear him, but in vain they begged to know the cause of his merriment; he really could not tell them. Every time that he tried to explain he would burst forth again with that merry peal.

"Ask Katy," he said, at length shaking while he spoke, but making an effort to straighten his face. But Katy would not tell. She hid her face on Jolly's shoulder and refused to look up or speak. Finally the matter was settled by Mrs Hines, who called to Jolly to bring her in to have her face and hands washed before dinner. Katy had scarcely reached the bedroom before Frank's laugh rang out again, and this time his father and the boys joined in it most heartily. Frank had evidently told them his joke. Mrs Hines smiled, and said:—

"What is the fun, I wonder." But to her great surprise, Katy's face flushed crimson, and she stamped her little foot, as she said, very angrily;

"Frank is a bad, naughty boy, and I don't love him a bit."

"Why Katy, Katy," said Mrs Hines. She had never seen her in a passion before, and she was perfectly astonished.

"No, I don't love him a bit," repeated Katy; "he's laughing at me, and he did it before out in the stable; he's a bad, bad boy;" and she stamped her foot again.

"Katy, I will not allow you to behave so," said Mrs Hines; "this is very naughty indeed."

Katy did not answer. She turned round with her back to Mrs Hines, and when her aunty came to her and laid her hand on her shoulder, she twitched herself away angrily.

"Where is my good little girl?" said Mrs Hines. "Where is the little child who said yesterday that she thought nobody would be naughty in this beautiful place? I am afraid that my Katy has forgotten how near God is to us here."

Katy stood a moment longer with her face turned

away, then she threw herself into Mrs Hines' arms, sobbing out, "Oh, aunty, I'm so sorry, I'm so sorry."

Mrs Hines lifted her up, and brushing back the hair from her face, asked what the trouble was. She could hardly help smiling herself when Katy told her about the cow's little kitten; but she talked very seriously to her, telling her that the boys would be very likely to laugh at her ignorance, and that she must try not to mind it, because they all really loved her. And Katy cheered up after a while, and promised to try not to fly into a passion again.

"I never meant to do it," she said, with another sob; "I used to be bad to Mammy Betsy, but I never meant to be bad to you; but it came so quick. And, oh aunty! I made Jesus sorry, didn't I?"

"Yes, dear; Jesus is always sorry when His little children are naughty."

"How will I make Him glad?" said Katy. "If I tell Frank I am sorry I was cross, will that make Jesus glad?"

"Yes, I think it will, darling."

Then aunty washed the tear stains off her face, and took her down to dinner. Katy thought that they would all laugh when she came in, but they did not. They had heard her crying, and had suspected the cause of her tears, so they kept sober faces when she came into the kitchen, although their eyes twinkled and their lips twitched somewhat when they looked at her. As soon as dinner was over, she slipped down from her chair and went over to Frank's seat.

"I'm sorry I was so cross," she said, looking up into his face with eyes that begged for forgiveness.

"You wasn't cross a bit, little birdie," said he, putting his arm around her; "and if you had been it would have been my fault. I had no business to laugh at you."

But even then her quick eyes watching his face could see his eyes twinkle.

"You may laugh as much as you want to ; and you may talk about the cow's kitten too."

Here the boys all broke out again ; but Katy bore it bravely. Mr West drew her to him.

"Come to me, little one," said he, "and tell me what it was you saw out there that these boys are so foolish about."

"I saw a little thing standing by a cow," said Katy, "and it was just like a cow, only littler, and it hadn't any horns. The cat had little kittens just like her, and so I thought that was the cow's kitten."

"So it was," said the farmer, "but we call a cow's kitten a calf. That is all that these boys are making such a time about. The next time you must call a very little cow a calf. You must not mind the boys."

"I think they are very nice boys," said Katy, smiling. "Frank was real good to me if he did laugh, and I won't be angry again."

And turning to Frank, she put up her lips for the kiss of peace. He gave it very willingly, and they parted the best of friends.

V.

THE POND-LILIES.

JOLLY's new life suited him exactly. He fell readily into the habits of the family, and took as much interest in the farm and all that belonged to it as Mr West's own boys. To be sure he made some very funny mistakes at first, and was well laughed at for them, but he was as much amused as any one else by his own blunders, and took the boy's teasing very good-naturedly. He was a great favourite with all. *He was so bright and merry, and made so much fun for them that Frank and Dick hailed him as a friend at once, and their father treated him exactly as if he*

were another son. As for Katy, she was the pet and plaything of the whole house. Mrs Hines's only fear was that they would spoil her, for they seemed to think that she must have everything she wanted, even if she should take it into her head to cry for the moon. Day by day she grew stronger, and a soft pink colour began to steal into her pale face. Her little hands began to grow plump and round, and her cheeks to fill out.

"The country air has been a new life to her," said the old farmer one day. "It has made a different child of her in less than two months."

"Two months!" said Jolly. "It does not seem as if we had been here one month yet."

"It will be seven weeks to-morrow since we came," said Mrs Hines. "Here it is the end of July already."

"The end of July, and we have not been over to Lily Pond this summer!" exclaimed Dick.

"Why not go this afternoon?" said Frank. "Father, could you spare us three boys this afternoon, if we work real smart this forenoon?"

"I hardly know about that," said Mr West: "those potatoes must be planted to-day. Can you get through with them this morning? We cannot leave them till to-morrow, because it will rain. Look there."

The boys looked out at the open door. The sky was intensely blue; here and there a faint white streak was just visible.

"It is a glorious day," said the farmer; "but it is a regular weather-breeder."

"I should think we could plant them all this morning, father," said Frank. "We want to take Jolly and Katy over there, and the lilies will not last much longer."

"Oh, Katy cannot go. You would not trust her with these boys, would you, Mary?" And Mr West turned to his sister.

Katy, whose eyes had danced with joy at Frank's

suggestion, turned a pitiful little face toward Mrs Hines.

"I can't resist that, Robert," said she, pointing to Katy, whose eyes were speaking though her lips did not move. "Besides, Jolly took care of her for six years without my help; so I think we can trust him now. He will be very careful of her, and I know that she will mind every word he says."

"Oh, yes," said Katy, "I will be lovely good."

"Well, then, boys," said Mr West, "the sooner you get to work the better for you."

"The boys sprang up from the breakfast table, seized their hats, and rushed away. No sooner were they out of the door than three hats whirled suddenly up into the air, and three hearty voices sung out, "Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!"

Katy waited anxiously for the dinner hour. At last it came, and the boys with it. She ran to the door to meet them. Frank snatched her up, and holding her high above his head, told her to give three cheers for the most industrious boys in Salem. Then she knew that their work was done, and she cheered away like the joyous happy-hearted little thing she was, and hugged him till Jolly cried out,

"Stop, stop there; it's my turn now, I guess."

"Come on," said Frank, "where is dinner? We must eat it on the double quick."

But Katy was so excited and in such a hurry to start for the pond, that she could not eat anything. Mr West was quite distressed about it, and told Frank that he should not have hurried her so. But aunt said that she would give Jolly a couple of biscuits for her to eat if she were hungry before they reached home again.

By the time Mrs Hines had put on Katy's hat and *sack*, and given Jolly the biscuits, which he stowed away in his pocket, Frank and Dick were at the door with the horse and waggon.

"Now for it, Jolly; lift the princess in."

Frank always called Katy "the princess" when he spoke of her, and to tell the truth, she played the character pretty well, for she ruled him completely. He never seemed to think of disputing her will. So "the princess" was lifted up and snugly tucked in between Jolly and Frank on the only seat, while Dick sat behind with his legs dangling over the back of the waggon, with Frisk, his dog, seated beside him.

When Katy first came to the farm, Dick's style of riding had troubled her greatly, and she was in constant fear lest he should fall off. But he seemed to like it so much better than an ordinary seat, and to hold on so resolutely in spite of jolts and bumps, that she soon became used to it, and now she would have been as much astonished to see him on the seat beside her, as to find herself on the end of the waggon.

Away they went in high glee, all four of them waving their hats to Aunt Mary as she stood at the door giving her last charges about Katy.

"Oh, princess," said Frank, "what a row everybody does make about you! Here I am, four times bigger than you, and yet no one makes any fuss over me. It's all for you, you little mite."

"Tell him the most precious goods come in the smallest parcels, Katy," said Jolly.

"I think some of the big ones is pretty precious too," said Katy.

"Oh, you coaxing little thing," said Frank.

And then he drew her to him and fondled her, until she pushed him off and told him not to plague her; and then Frank pretended to be angry and they had to make up and be friends again. He tried to make her say that he was precious; but she would not, and they had a great frolic about it. Altogether it was a very merry ride. And all the while Dick rode on the end of the waggon singing and talking to his dog, who barked and jumped and capered about as if he enjoyed it as much as they.

By and by, when the happy party on the front seat

had quieted down a little, Jolly noticed that Frisk snarled angrily every few moments ; finally he asked Dick what ailed his dog.

"Nothing much," said Dick, in a low voice.

Frank turned and looked behind them.

"Oh, I see what it is," he said to Jolly. "That fellow walking on the road behind us is the boy who worked on father's farm before you came. He and Frisk always hated each other. Sam used to be very ugly to him, and Frisk can't bear the sight of him."

"I say, Dick West," called out the boy whom Frank had spoken of as "Sam," "if you don't keep that cur of yours quiet, I'll silence him with a stone."

Dick laughed.

"How can I keep him still, Sam ?" said he, good-naturedly. "Shall I choke him ?"

"It's all he's fit for," said the other, sharply.

"Come, Sam Burke, don't be so fierce," said Frank. "If the dog don't like you, we can't help it. Don't let's quarrel over that."

The boy made no answer, but walked sulkily on behind them until they reached the pond.

The boys jumped out of the waggon, and leading the horse to an old wooden shanty which stood on the shore, left him there in charge of a man who had made his appearance when they drove up. Dick led the way to where a boat lay tied fast to a tree which leaned over far into the water.

"You wait here, Jolly, while Dick and I go for the oars ; they are up in the house. We will bring them down while you take care of Katy and Frisk."

As Frank spoke he gave a look toward Sam Burke, which told Jolly that he must beware of him. Sam had not come quite down to the shore, but stood at a little distance watching them. Frisk saw him, and, lifting his head, he gave a sharp angry snarl, and *snapped at him with his teeth.*

"*Look here, you rascal,*" said Sam, "*if you do that again I'll stone you.*"

Frisk answered by snapping at him once more, and then threw back his head and uttered a dismal howl.

"Here, I'll give you reason to howl," and a stone from Sam's cruel hand struck the little dog on his leg.

He howled this time in earnest, and running to Katy, who sat on a stump near the water, he tried to hide himself beneath her skirts.

"Oh, that's your game, is it?" said Sam; and he raised his hand with another stone in it.

But here Jolly interfered.

"Come, come," said he, "we've had about enough of that."

"Mind your own affairs," said Sam, "the dog don't belong to you."

"He was left in my charge, and you have hurt him already. Suppose you should miss him and strike the child. Stop! Put down that stone! Don't you dare to throw it!" for Sam's hand was raised again.

He dropped his hand, but turning round, said fiercely,

"How dare you threaten me?" and the next instant, before Jolly had time to catch his arm, he threw the stone; but it missed its mark, and a sharp cry from Katy told where it had struck.

Jolly turned. Katy's hands were clasped on her forehead, and there was blood on her face. The next moment Sam Burke was lying on the grass, and Jolly was thrashing him as he never had been thrashed before.

"What in the world is the matter?" cried Dick, running down the bank while Frank rushed to Katy.

"Matter enough," said Jolly, rising, and wiping the perspiration from his face. "Look at Katy. Here, you baby-stoner, get up and travel up that bank post-haste, if you don't want another flogging."

Sam had no mind to take that; he had had quite enough already, so he rose and obeyed, but paused when he reached the top of the bank.

Katy's hurt turned out to be a mere scratch, and

when the blood had been washed off her face, and her fears quieted by coaxing and petting, she was as bright and gay as ever.

Frank drew the boat to land by means of the rope which held it, and they all jumped in, leaving Sam still standing on the bank. Jolly was the last to enter the boat, and as he stepped over the side, Sam called out, shaking his fist at him as he spoke,

"I'll have my revenge yet. You'll see if I don't."

"Very well," said Jolly, "you may take it."

And sitting down beside Dick, he took one of the oars and began to pull with long, strong strokes, which soon sent the boat far out from the shore.

The water was beautiful that afternoon, clear as a mirror, and as smooth. Frank held Katy and let her put her hand over the side of the boat. She laughed with delight as the cool water splashed and rippled over her bare arm; but by and by her hand grew cold, and then Frank dried it with his pocket-handkerchief, and she leaned over and watched the reflection of the blue sky, dotted here and there with fleecy white clouds.

"There is another sky, Frank," she said; "see all the white clouds in the water; and, oh, look there! what is that?"

She pointed out before her to something that looked from where they were like a sheet of snow.

"Those are the lilies, Katy. Wait one moment, a few more strokes will bring us to them. Softly now, Dick, do not send her on too fast."

Dick and Jolly pulled more gently as they neared the bed of lilies, lest the boat might crush the delicate flowers. Soon they were close upon them. Dick drew in his oar, and Jolly giving one or two light strokes, brought the boat gently round with her side to the white flower garden.

"Oh, don't they look as if they was lying asleep in their little green beds?" cried Katy. "Oh, oh, they're lovely, they're lovely."

"Yes, it seems almost wicked to disturb them," said Frank.

"Oh, go along with your sentiment," cried Dick, laughing; and pulling out his knife, he put his hand under the water and cut off three or four of the beautiful white blossoms in their little green beds, and laid them in the child's lap.

"Oh, let's take a whole heap for aunty," said Katy, "don't you wish she was here, poor aunty?"

"We'll take plenty to her," said Dick; and telling Jolly to send the boat a little farther on, he leaned over the side again, and cut a whole nosegay of lilies for the delighted child. They had brought a basket with them to put them in, and when Dick had cut as many as they wanted, Frank laid them carefully away, and the two rowers struck out for home.

Every few moments Katy lifted the basket, and peeped in at her treasures, breaking out into the most joyous exclamations of pleasure over them; and when they reached the old tree from which they had started, and left the boat, she would not trust her riches even in Jolly's care, but hung the basket over her own arm, and tugged manfully up the bank with it, refusing all aid. The boys laughed heartily as she laboured on, staggering under her burden, but she persevered, and finally reached the waggon without help.

A very tired little girl she was when she arrived at home, and ready enough for her supper too, although she had eaten both of the biscuits that Jolly had carried in his pocket for her. But aunty tucked her in bed as soon as she had satisfied her hunger, and she soon forgot her weariness in sound sleep.



VI.

A RAINY DAY.

"AUNT," said Katy, as she sprang out of her bed one morning, "we are all to go berrying to-day."

"I am afraid not to-day," said Mrs Hinea. "Look out of the window."

Katy looked, and saw that the rain was coming down in a gentle but steady way, which gave the promise of a long rainy day.

"Oh, isn't that too bad?" she said, very sorrowfully.

"I think they will all say it is very good downstairs," said aunt; "we need rain very much, the crops were almost dying for want of it."

"But not to-day. I wanted to go berrying to-day," said Katy. "I wish it had waited until to-morrow."

"My little girl must be patient, and try to remember how many people are thanking God for this rain. Think how many clear, bright days you have had. Why, we have scarcely had one real rain since we have been here. My Katy ought not to complain of that which makes every one else so happy."

Katy said no more, but she looked so melancholy, that when she went down to breakfast, Frank called out, "What ails the princess this morning? She ought to be as bright as sunshine, and instead of that she looks as dull as the sky. Look at that splendid rain!"

"I don't like the rain," said Katy, in a very doleful voice.

"You don't! Why, we are all as gay as larks about it. When father woke up and saw that it was raining, he almost danced, he was so glad."

"But we can't go berrying," said Katy.

"Oh, that's the trouble, is it? Never mind that; we'll go the first clear day, and then the berries will

be washed all clean and fresh, they will be twice as good. Cheer up, princess, we'll have a good day indoors."

But Katy could not cheer up all at once, for she was very much disappointed. After she had eaten her breakfast, she slipped down from her chair and went to the window. Down came the rain as steadily as ever, soaking into the ground, dripping from the eaves and from the leaves of the trees, and running in little streams across the road. While she stood there trying hard not to cry, she heard Mr West, or "Uncle Robert," as she called him now, say,

"I hope we will have a week of it, and I think that we shall. I see every sign of a long storm."

This was too much for Katy's endurance; and a little sob which she tried in vain to choke down, drew the attention of all to her.

"Why, princess!" cried Frank; and Jolly left his seat and went toward her.

"Let me take her, Jolly," said the farmer, and drawing Katy to him he asked her if she wanted to hear a story. She was always ready to listen to Uncle Robert's stories; so she nodded her head, for she was afraid to try to speak.

"Do you remember seeing me start off for a walk yesterday," said Mr West, lifting her up on his knee, "and calling after me to know where I was going? I was on my way to Mr Stones. He is the man who lives down at the foot of the hill. He is a poor man; and he sent word to me that his crops were dying for want of rain; so I went down there to see if I could comfort him any, for I knew that if his crops should fail, he would be in sore distress, and I wanted to give him a little hope if I could. But when I reached his house I felt as if I could not do much to comfort him, because I had seen so much on my way there to make me sad. As I was walking along, I saw a corn field; how dreary it looked! The long leaves were all withered and hung down as if they had no life in

them; the ground was baked dry and hard, and cracked here and there in open seams; the field was bordered with elder bushes; on one of them was a little bird looking for a supper for her babies. But she hopped about from spray to spray in vain, the berries were all dried up, there was not one fit for the birdies to eat. By and by I came to the great rock where that spring to which the boys sometimes took you used to bubble up. But there was no spring there, the rock was quite dry. Just as I reached it a man came round from the other road. As he came up he threw down a heavy pack which he carried on his shoulder, and walked quickly up to the rock. He was an old man and seemed very worn and tired; and, oh, how disappointed he looked when he saw that the spring was dry. It seemed as if he might almost cry, he looked so sorrowful. I asked him if he had travelled far, and he said, 'Yes, a weary way, and I am very thirsty. I would give anything for a drink of cool water. I never saw this spring dry before.' So I sent him up here and told him to get something to eat and drink, and then went on my way. All along the road the leaves and flowers were gray with dust; the little daisies tried to lift their heads from the parched ground, but their pure white leaves were heavy with the sand, and their heads drooped again in sadness. When I reached Tom Gaines' house two of his children were climbing the hill with a pail of water between them, and at every step the water splashed over the side of the pail, so that when they arrived at their home, it was not more than half full.

"Where have you been for water?" said I.

"Down to the lower creek, a quarter of a mile from here," answered one of the little girls, sitting down on the dusty road as if she were too tired to stand. 'Our creek has run dry; I do wish we would have some rain.'

"I told her to ask God to send it, and then I went on to Mr Stone's. I found him in great trouble.

His corn fields looked very badly, and I saw that one or two days more of dry weather would make him a poor man. All that I could do was to ask God to help him ; so we kneeled down together, Mr Stone and his wife and his three little children and I, and prayed that God would send us rain. He heard us, and this morning when I waked up and heard the patter of the rain on the roof, my heart was full of thankfulness to Him. As I lay there, it seemed as if I could see a great many bright and beautiful pictures. I thought I was taking that walk over again ; but everything was changed. The spring danced and bubbled up from the rock, and the weary traveller sat resting himself beside it, drinking its cool water, and thanking God for the rain. The little daisies by the roadside lifted their heads and raised their faces, now washed white and fair. The little children danced with joy to see their brook begin to flow once more ; but more than all, a happy, grateful family knelt in the farm-house at the foot of the hill praising their heavenly Father because He had heard their prayer ; while the waving corn in the field seemed to drink in the refreshing drops like a new life. And I said to myself, 'God is very good.'

"What does my little girl think about it now?" said he, looking down into Katy's face, for she had not yet spoken.

"I think He is very good too, and I'm real glad for the rain, if I can't go berrying. I won't be cross about it any more, Uncle Robert ; I'm glad as glad can be."

"That's my brave little woman. Now, boys, you must try and make the day pleasant for her. There will be nothing to do out of doors."

"Katy and I can take care of each other," said Mrs Hines. "I think that the boys will want their time, for they seldom have a holiday. They need not trouble themselves about Katy ; she must learn to bear *disappointments* some time, you know." This she said in a low voice to Mr West.

"Yes," he said, in the same tone, "but we must not only *teach* children to bear disappointment, we must *help* them to bear it. I don't say a word against their being taught, but we must lend them a helping hand to guide their little feet over the rough places. The world will give them enough sharp lessons; let us make the road as smooth and pleasant as we can."

Mrs Hines smiled; she was always more than ready to make her darling's pathway bright and fair; her only fear was, that in her love for Katy she might forget what was due to others.

"Well, father," said Frank, "what's the first thing to-day? There is enough to do in the barn, I suppose."

"Yes, there are a great many things to set to rights there, and we must improve this rainy day; but you will be able to do it all this morning, and then you can have the afternoon to yourselves."

"Come on then, boys," said Frank, "we'll take Katy with us."

"I would not like to have her go out in the rain," said Mrs Hines. "I am afraid she will take cold."

"Oh, we'll carry her over, Aunt Mary, she won't get wet. Do let her come."

Katy coaxed too, and finally, Mrs Hines said that she might go if they would surely keep her where it was dry. "Come, Jolly," said Frank, "make a throne for the princess. We will carry her, and Dick shall hold the umbrella over her." So the larger boys joined hands, and Dick lifted Katy up to her throne, where she sat with one arm round the neck of each of her bearers. Then Dick held a large blue cotton umbrella over her head and they started off, Frank telling Katy that she was an Indian princess riding in her palanquin. When they reached the barn they did not see Mr West, but Dick called to him and he *shouted back* that he was in the stable. They *followed him there* and found him overlooking two of the *farm hands* who were cleaning the stalls. The boys

asked him what they should do, and he told Jolly and Frank to go up to the hay-loft and pack away some hay which had been carried there and left lying on the floor, waiting for a rainy day like this, when no more important work could be done, to be put up more carefully. Dick, who had quite a talent for carpentering, was to repair a waggon which had broken down some time before. The waggon was in an open shed, so, of course, Katy could not stay with Dick; the other boys took her up into the hay-loft with them.

A gay time they had of it up there, covering the little girl with hay as she sat perched upon the top of a corn-bin, or ran around them saucily daring them to catch her, and when they did try to seize her slipping nimbly out of their hands and springing away. They made such a noise between them that Mr West came to the stable-door and called up to them that he was afraid there was more play than work going on; but Katy went to the window, and, leaning out so that Uncle Robert could just catch a glimpse of her little face, assured him gravely that the boys were quite good and working very nicely. Then she took it into her head that Dick might be lonely, so she ran across the loft to a window which overlooked the shed where he was working, and asked him how he was.

"I'm first-rate," answered Dick.

"Are you lonesome?" asked Katy.

"Yes, I am pretty badly off in that line. I wish you'd come down and keep me company."

"I would come, but it is so wet there; besides, I must stay and make these boys do their work."

"Yes, they need looking after. I think they had better look after you a little, too; there is too much draught through that window for you. Halloa, there, Frank!" he shouted, "why don't you take care of your princess? She will catch cold there."

"Oh, you're an old granny," said Frank; but Jolly went to the window, and lifted Katy down from her high perch.

When the hay was all packed, and the loft nicely swept up, they went down to the stable again. Everything there was in apple-pie order, and Mr West had gone. They found him in the barn with Dick, whose waggon looked "as good as new," Frank said. Mr West said that there was no more to be done than the two labourers could do, and that the boys might return to the house as it was dinner-time, and he would follow them very soon. So the throne was prepared again, and the princess borne safely to her home.

After dinner they all went up into the store-room to have a good romp. The boys found an old willow-waggon up there in which they had been carried when they were babies, and there it had stood ever since. Frank and Dick harnessed themselves to it, Jolly lifted Katy in, and the two boys galloped about the long room the most spirited horses that ever were seen, while Katy sat in her carriage the happiest little lady in the land. When they were tired of that play the boys tried to teach her to throw jack-stones, but her hands were too small to manage the stones. Dick brought some large kernels of corn, and with those she did nicely. They laughed to see how deftly her tiny hands caught the different motions, and how quickly she learned the game. All this time Jolly was working very busily, fashioning a little boat. He was very much interested in it, and the other boys and Katy seemed to be having such a good time without him that he did not think he was needed, but he said if they wanted him they could let him know. Katy was a little fearful that he might feel as if she had forsaken him, so every little while she would leave whatever she was busy with and run up to him, pat his face or kiss him. Sometimes she did not go to him, but called out from where she sat, "I'm here, Jolly," or, "I haven't gone away, Jolly;" and the boys would all *laugh*, and Jolly would say, "All right; I know you're on hand."

But the best part of the whole day was the evening.

It was very chilly, and they had a bright wood fire in the kitchen. After supper Frank went up to the store-room and came back with something which looked like a wire-box with a long handle.

"What is that, Frankie?" said Katy.

"That is a corn-popper, princess. Did you never pop corn?"

"No, never."

"Then you shall begin to-night."

He took some tiny ears of corn, red and white, out of his pocket, and shelling off the kernels threw them into the popper, and told Katy to hold it over the fire. She stood between his knees and watched the corn as it rolled about in the box. All at once one kernel gave a quick jump to the top of the popper, and then fell back, a beautiful white ball.

"Oh!" cried Katy, in great surprise.

And now all the corn began to jump and burst in the same way until the box was full of the pretty white balls. Katy was delighted; and when Frank had emptied the box on a dish, and she had carried the corn around, offering it to each of the family, she wanted to parch more. So he put some more in the box, and she went through with the pretty task again. The dancing firelight played over her flushed face and crept in among her brown curls, making her look so bright and sweet that they all sat watching her while she stood there so intent upon her work, that she thought of nothing else.

"Well, little girl, how do you like a rainy day in the country?" said the farmer, when she bade him good night.

"Oh, I think it's splendid!" said Katy. "But pop-corn is best of all."

VII

JOLLY'S TEMPTATION.

"JOLLY," said Mr West, one day as they were leaving the house after dinner to go back to the field, "I wish that you would go over to the mill this afternoon and bring home that corn I sent to be ground. You had better drive the black pony; and take Patrick with you, you will need his help."

"Very well, sir," said Jolly; and leaving the other boys, he crossed the road to the stable, where he knew he should find Patrick, who was one of Mr West's labourers.

It was a very warm afternoon, and the drive to the mill was by no means a pleasant one, the road being hot and dusty. Jolly was heartily glad to reach his journey's end, and very unwilling to leave the cooler air of the mill when Patrick came to tell him that the corn was ready. But the work had to be done, so he went out and helped the man to lift the heavy bags into the waggon, and then sprang up into the driver's seat and started for home.

"Oh, Pat," said he, taking off his hat and wiping his forehead, "isn't it perfectly toasting?"

"Sure and it is that," said the Irishman. "It is a hot road, this."

"We would be more likely to catch a breeze on the hill-road, wouldn't we?"

"We would so. There's always a bit of air stirring there; but then the hill is bad. Would ye be able to hold the pony in, think ye? Are ye enough of a driver for that?"

Now, no boy of fifteen years of age likes to have his ability to manage a horse questioned, and Jolly answered quite sharply, "Certainly I am," and turned at once toward the hill-road. His conscience was not quite easy when he did so, for he remembered that Mr West had told him not long before that when he

came from the mill with a load he must take it the valley-road until he became a more expert driver. But already a little breeze began to lift the hair on his temples, and the other road had been so very warm, not a breath stirred there, and the sun beat down so fiercely as to be almost unbearable ; besides, if he went on by the valley, Patrick would think that he was afraid to trust himself on the hill. He tried to persuade himself that he was not exactly disobeying Mr West's orders because he had said that he must not come by the hill until he was a better driver ; and as he felt that he was improving in that respect every day, he argued that he was a better driver now than when his employer spoke to him. But still he felt very uncomfortable, and before he had gone a mile he was heartily sorry for his disobedience. It was too late to go back now, the road being too narrow to allow the waggon to turn, so Jolly drove on saying very little, but thinking a great deal, for it was the first time since he had been in the farmer's employ that he had deliberately done what he knew to be wrong.

At last they came to the hill. In fact, the road was almost one continuous hill ; but just at this point the descent was very steep. Jolly drew the reins in very tight, for he knew that Jack, the pony, was not very sure-footed, and he wanted to give him all the help he could. The little horse did very well at first, trotting down the hill rather faster than was quite safe, but pretty steadily ; but as the descent grew more steep, the waggon, which was heavily loaded, began to gain upon him. Faster went the pony as he felt the waggon pressing closer, while Jolly held him in with all his strength. Patrick could not help him, for he was riding behind in Dick's style. Faster, faster, faster ! It seemed as if the little horse flew. His ears were laid back, and his breath came short and hard, *but still he pressed on, and still Jolly gave him all the aid he could.*

They had almost reached the foot of the hill, and the boy was beginning to hope that they might yet gain it safely, when Jack struck his foot on a stone. At another time the accident would have been nothing, but now it was enough to check his speed for one instant, and in that instant the whiffle-tree struck him, and the frightened horse reared and fell, the waggon rushing upon him, while Jolly was thrown headlong into the road. Patrick ran to his help, but he was not much hurt, and he cared but little for a few scratches and bruises when he saw poor Jack lying on the road, his harness all broken to pieces, and the heavy waggon pressing on his haunches.

The only way to release him was to unload the waggon, and that Patrick and Jolly did, very quickly. Then they drew it back from the prostrate horse, and putting stones before the wheels to prevent its slipping upon him again, went to see if they could help him to his feet. At first he seemed perfectly unable to move, and poor Jolly's heart sank within him. What would Mr West say? Jack was a great favourite with him. Jolly knew that, with the exception of the old grays, he would rather lose any other horse in his stable than the black pony. But when they had cut away the broken harness and had coaxed and petted the frightened little fellow, he seemed to make up his mind that he would try to stand after all; and after much kicking and plunging he rose to his feet. He trembled like a leaf, but he did not seem to be seriously hurt. The waggon had bruised him, and he limped painfully, but there were no bones broken, and no joints sprained; at least so Patrick said, after a very thorough examination.

The next thing to be done was to patch up the harness. Fortunately there was a long piece of rope in *the waggon* which they had brought with them to *bind over the bags* of meal. With this they tied up *one of the poles* which was broken, and made a sort of *harness* which would last at least until they reach

home. The accident having happened at the very foot of the hill, they had now no great distance to go, and they determined to walk in order to lighten the load as much as possible. As they tramped along the dusty road Jolly was making up his mind how he should tell Mr West. He looked rather disconsolate, and good-natured Patrick wanting to comfort him, said :

"Now don't be cast down about it. The master takes things easy like ; he'll not be scolding, I'm thinking."

"Yes he will, Pat. I'm afraid he will be very angry, for he told me some time ago not to come by this road."

"But there's no call for his knowing that we came this way. He'll not ask ye ; and I'll not tell on ye. Ye may trust old Pat for that. He'll not think of it, may be ; and if he does ye can slide over it easy like, and he'll be none the wiser."

"I can't tell a lie about it, Pat," said Jolly ; but as he walked along leading Jack by the bridle, he kept thinking of Patrick's suggestion to "slide it over easy like." Perhaps Mr West would not ask which road he took, or he might evade the question if he did ask it. He thought it over and over ; the impulse to do right and the desire to do wrong fought a hard battle within him, but the right triumphed at last.

"Is this the way I am keeping my promise to Mr Murray, to speak the truth always ?" he said to himself. "I will not deceive Mr West, come what may."

His mind once made up he walked on more cheerfully, and Patrick was quite pleased to see the cloud had vanished from his face.

Mr West was not nearly so much annoyed about the waggon as Jolly had feared he would be, but he was greatly distressed about Jack, thinking that his injuries were likely to prove much more serious than Patrick had supposed. He did not at first ask by what road they had come, but after a while as he was

trying to make Jack's stall more comfortable by giving him fresh straw, he said, "Of course you came by the valley-road?"

Jolly had gone to bring the straw, and was so far from Mr West that he might easily have pretended not to hear the question; in fact, it could scarcely be called a question, for he spoke as if he were quite sure that they had done so. For a moment he hesitated. It seemed so easy not to answer, and just to let the question slip by as he had not heard it; but the next instant his better feelings triumphed, and he said speaking very fast as if he were afraid to trust himself if he did not do it quickly, "No, Mr West, I came by the hill."

"You did," said the farmer, "then I do not wonder at the accident. However, I cannot blame you, it is my own fault. I should have told you that it was not safe for you."

Here was another temptation for Jolly. Mr West had evidently forgotten the warning which he had given him, and no one else had heard it. If he said nothing, his master would not blame him, then why should he betray himself? What good would it do? Mr West would be angry and might dismiss him from his service if he confessed his disobedience; and if he did not no one would be the worse for that. For a few moments the temptation was almost too strong for him, but again his promise to Mr Murray flashed across his mind.

"What a coward I am!" he thought. Then he said aloud, "Mr West, it was not your fault, it was mine. You did tell me that that road was not safe, and that I must not drive over it. I disobeyed you, and can only say that I am very sorry."

Mr West turned toward him. At first he looked very much displeased, but as Jolly continued speaking the *expression of his face grew more pleasant*, and when *the boy paused*, and he said, "Why did you disobey

my orders?" he did not speak as harshly as Jolly feared he might.

"I can't give you a good reason, sir. It was very warm on the other road, and there was a breeze on the hill; but to tell the truth, I suppose that I wanted to show Pat that I could drive a load down that hill. He seemed to think that I could not do it."

"And you thought you would let him see that he was mistaken, eh?"

Mr West spoke so lightly that Jolly looked up in surprise. "Yes, sir," he said, "and I am more sorry than I can tell you for having done so."

"And I am more glad than I can tell you that I have such an honest boy in my employ," said Mr West. "You might easily have deceived me, and instead of doing so you have come out bravely and told the whole truth. You have made me feel that I can trust you in the future."

You may be sure that Jolly did not repent having kept his promise to Mr Murray; and when he left the stable to go to his work, he resolved that no temptation should ever lead him to hide the truth, no matter how much he might dread the consequences; and as he crossed the meadow he looked up at the bright sky and thanked God that He had given him strength to confess his fault.

VIII

THE BARN-RAISING.

"FATHER," said Dick, running into the kitchen just as Mr West was leaving it to go to the field, "Mr White wants to know if you remember that this is the day for his barn-raising?"

"I had forgotten it," said Mr West, "but he will not want us before afternoon, will he?"

"No, I guess not, but he's there."

Mr West went out to see his visitor.

"Well, neighbour," said he, "I had nearly forgotten your work, but if you do not want us before noon I can manage it yet."

"That will do," said Mr White. "We don't calculate to put it up until after dinner. By the way, my good woman told me to ask Mrs Hines to come over to tea, and bring the little girl with her. Of course the boys will all come with you."

"If you want them all. They are never behindhand for a frolic."

"Very well, the earlier you can come over the better;" and the old farmer rode off on his little brown horse to remind some more of his neighbours of their promise to help him.

As soon as dinner was over, Mr West and the three boys started off for Mr White's farm. It was only a quarter of a mile from their own home, so they went on foot, leaving Mrs Hines to follow with Katy. A hard afternoon's work lay before them, but the boys looked upon it as a holiday, for they knew that they should meet many friends, and have a grand romp when the work was done.

Going out to tea in the city is a very different thing from going to tea in the country, and probably some of my little city friends would have been quite surprised to see Mrs Hines leave the house with Katy a little after three o'clock to accept Mrs White's invitation. When they arrived at the farm they found the barn progressing finely. There was a great deal to be done, but "many hands made light work," and all were working with a will. There was a great noise and bustle, a great deal of calling and shouting, but *every one* was in the best humour possible, and *everything* went on very nicely. Mrs Hines and Katy went *into the house* and found Mrs White sitting in the

parlour with several visitors who had come even earlier than they. Katy was the only child there, but she did not mind that, for they were all very kind to her, and the time passed away quickly.

They were quite surprised when a loud shout from the men outside told them that the barn was up. They went out to see it. How nicely it looked! The unpainted boards were so new and fresh, and there was such a pure, pleasant smell of pine wood about it. All around stood the busy workmen wiping their heated faces, and looking on admiringly.

"Dear me!" exclaimed old Mrs White. "If the sun isn't down! Why, I had no idea it was so late!"

"Yes, old lady, the sun is down," said her husband, "and the men are hungry. The sooner we have supper the better. Come on, friends, we'll go and clean up a bit while the dame brings on the supper."

Away they all went, following the old man; and when they came back at the sound of the whistle which Mrs White blew to call them in, their appearance was greatly improved. They had washed their faces and put on their coats and vests, and made themselves look very neat and comfortable.

What a supper that was! Jolly and Katy had never seen anything like it. There were three long tables running the length of the kitchen, loaded with every good thing which the farm could supply. There were great rumps of cold corned-beef, hams, tongues, bread and biscuits, cheese, stewed fruits of every kind, blackberries, whortleberries, and loaves of cake covered with beautiful icing; the tables fairly groaned with the weight of the good things heaped upon them. But Mrs White knew what a barn-raising was, and she knew that she needed a bountiful supper to provide for the large company who had been working so busily for her husband all the afternoon. Katy looked on in silent astonishment. The provisions seemed to vanish mysteriously, so quickly did they disappear. As for Jolly, he was as busy as the rest of his fellow-work-

men, and had not time to notice the marvellous change which a few moments wrought in the appearance of the tables. But there was enough and to spare; no one left the board hungry that night.

After tea the tables were taken away, and the whole party prepared for a frolic. While the arrangements for the games were being made, Frank came up to where Mrs White was sitting with Katy on her lap, and told the little girl that she was wanted on the other side of the room. As she crossed the room with him who should she see standing by one of the windows but Sam Burke. She shrank back against Frank.

"What's the matter, princess?" said he.

"There's that bad boy," whispered Katy.

"Never mind him, there is room enough for us all. He won't trouble us."

"Won't he throw stones here?"

"No, I think not. I don't much believe he'll throw stones anywhere within Jolly's sight again."

By this time they had reached the group to whom Frank was leading Katy. He had been sounding her praises to a knot of his friends, and they had told him to bring her and let them judge for themselves. When she came up, her cheeks a little flushed with the momentary fear which she had felt on seeing Sam Burke, and her eyes bright with the unusual excitement of meeting so many people. Frank's friends thought that she was certainly as pretty as he had called her. She was surrounded in a moment.

"Here, here!" said old Mr White, coming up to the group, "what is going on? Let me come in for a share. What! Is it you, Miss Katy? Kissing all the boys, eh?"

"No," said Katy, indignantly, "I only kissed Frank and Jolly because I hadn't seen them since dinner. *I'm too big to kiss everybody,*" and she drew herself up in quite a dignified manner.

"So that is it, eh! You are a large woman and so

mistake. I suppose you wouldn't object to favouring an old fellow like me, even if you don't kiss everybody."

He lifted her up as he spoke, and carried her off, while Frank and his friends parted to join in the games which were now going on. Some one suggested French blindman's buff, and a cane was called for.

"Open that door behind you, Jolly," called out Mr White from the other end of the room. "Just across the passage there, in the bedroom, you will find my hickory stick; that will answer."

Jolly found the cane, and was returning with it, when he noticed a pocket-book lying upon the table in the bedroom.

"What a strange place to leave a pocket-book where there are so many people in the house," he said to himself, and his first impulse was to carry it to Mr White; but remembering that he had often noticed before since he had been in Salem that every one seemed to trust his neighbour, and but little was put under lock and key, he decided to leave it where it was.

"I am too much of a stranger to meddle with it," he thought, and closing the door behind him, he went back with the hickory stick into the kitchen.

Then they played "Puss in the corner," and put Katy in the centre of the room for the poor puss who had no corner; and she looked so cunning standing there with her little finger upheld, calling "Puss, puss," that they would not let her have a corner at all, but kept her there in the middle of the floor.

That game ended the evening's frolic, and they all bid the old farmer and his wife good-night and started for home. The greater part of the company had come in their waggons as they lived at some distance from Mr White's farm, but the Wests went home on foot, all of them except Katy—she rode on Jolly's arm.

"Isn't a barn-raising royal good fun?" said Dick, as they went home, "I wish we'd have one every day."

"What would become of the old homestead, Dick?" said his father.

"I don't know," said he, "I suppose it wouldn't do, but didn't we have a nice time?"

"Yes, it went off very pleasantly. By the way, I saw Sam Burke there."

"He is Mr White's nephew, you know. He was the only disagreeable fellow there."

"Perhaps you don't look at him quite fairly, Dick. You and he have never been good friends, I believe; but he is a good enough boy on the whole, and I don't think he meant to hurt Katy the other day."

"Perhaps not, but he meant to hurt my dog."

"Well, well, we must forgive and forget, Dick; that's the rule to go to bed on, my man," said his father as they entered the house.

IX.

JOLLY IN TROUBLE

"MR WEST."

The farmer was at work in the field cutting grain. He looked up quickly as the sharp voice struck on his ear, for it was Mr White who spoke, and he could not remember ever to have heard him use so rough a tone to him before.

"Good morning, neighbour," said he, "how are you to-day?"

"Badly enough," said Mr White, "badly enough!"

"What is wrong? Nothing has happened to the new barn, I hope."

"No, no, worse than that. I've been robbed."

"You've been robbed!" and Mr West came quickly toward him.

"Yes, I've been robbed by that boy of yours. Where is he?"

"My boy!" exclaimed the farmer, turning pale at the thought. "What do you mean?"

"I mean that boy, that Jolly as you call him. This comes of bringing strangers to other people's houses." Mr White was a good-hearted old man, but he was very passionate, and when his temper was roused he cared but little how rude and uncivil he was.

"In the first place, neighbour," replied Mr West, "I brought Jolly to your house on your own invitation."

"I know that," said the other; "but the boy was in your family, like one of your own sons; and I am told that he was a common street loafer before Mrs Hines took him up."

"Were you told that before you invited him, or since?"

Mr White looked rather uncomfortable. "Well, before, I believe. But how could I think that you would have a New York thief in your house?"

"Jolly is not a New York thief. Who dares to bring the charge against him?"

"My nephew, Sam Burke. He saw him take my pocket-book from my bed-room table, where I carelessly left it, last night."

"That is a serious charge, Mr White; and one which I do not think can be proven. I will not trust Sam's word for it."

"But I will!" exclaimed the angry man. "Sam is my sister's son, my own nephew?"

"A good man may have a bad nephew," replied Mr West. "I cannot believe this story unless it is clearly proven. Jolly has been in my family for nearly three months; during that time I have trusted him with money again and again. He has had every opportunity to wrong me, if he chose to do so, but he has never touched a penny that was not his own."

"I can't help that," said Mr White, "my money's gone, and Sam saw him take it. Isn't that proof enough?"

"Not for me," said his friend. "The only way to

settle the matter is to let the boys meet, and then see what each will say, 'He that is first in his own cause seemeth just; but his neighbour cometh and searcheth him.' If Sam is at your house I will send Frank up for him, and we will hear what each has to say of the matter; but not a word of all this before either of my sons, if you please. Halloa, there! Frank!"

"Halloa!" came back upon the still, summer air, from far away in the distance.

"I can't understand, West," said Mr White, as they stood waiting for Frank, "why it is that you are so much more willing to trust this boy, of whom you know nothing, than my sister's son."

"In the first place I do know a great deal of Jolly, and I firmly believe that he is a true Christian. He lived for six months with my sister before he came to me, and she never had any more cause to distrust him than I have had. And I have another reason for my unwillingness to trust Sam's testimony; he has a grudge to pay off on Jolly. They had some trouble about a month ago, and Sam was pretty severely thrashed. That is enough to influence any one boy against another. But what keeps Frank! Halloa!" he shouted again.

"Halloa!" rang back, but this time the voice came from a much less distance, and the next moment they saw Frank coming toward them. When he reached the field in which they stood waiting, his father sent him up to Mr White's to tell Sam Burke that he was wanted at the valley-farm, as Mr West's home was called, and then the two old men went over to the house, Mr West stopping at the barn where Jolly was working to tell him that he wished to see him in the sitting-room.

Jolly could not leave his work just at that time, and when he went into the house he was but a moment in advance of Sam Burke. The instant he saw him he *imagined that he had been complaining to Mr White about the flogging which he had received, and he went*

into the sitting-room feeling quite sure as to who would come off best in the dispute. He certainly did not look very guilty when, closing the door behind him, he met those two faces ; one so angry and excited, the other perplexed and distressed. His own face was ruddy with healthful labour, and bright with that pleasant look which strong health and a clear conscience give to every countenance ; while his eyes twinkled with merriment at the thought of standing up before two such grave judges to answer for giving Sam Burke what he felt that he so richly deserved.

"Jolly," said Mr West, "I have called you in here to answer a charge which has been brought against you."

"How seriously he takes it," said Jolly to himself. Then he said aloud, while his eyes danced more and more merrily, "I plead guilty, sir, and ask the mercy of the court."

"You plead guilty !" exclaimed Mr West, while Mr White started to his feet in a rage.

"Come, sir, no trifling," he said, roughly, "this is a very serious matter. What do you mean by telling me in that joking manner that you have robbed me ? What do you mean by it, sir ?"

"Robbed you ?" repeated Jolly. "I don't understand you, Mr White."

Mr White was about to reply, but Mr West interrupted him. "What did you mean by saying that you plead guilty ?" said he.

"Why, I confess to having thrashed Sam Burke, sir. The boys told you on the very day on which it was done. I thought that you were speaking about that."

"No, Jolly ; there is a more serious charge brought against you ; a charge which I cannot credit. Mr White accuses you of taking his pocket-book from the table in his bed-room, last night."

Jolly turned deadly pale. There was not a word spoken for an instant ; then he said very quietly, "*That is false.*"

"I knew it," exclaimed Mr West. "Can you prove it, my boy?"

Jolly thought a moment. "I don't see that I can, except so far as my word goes," he answered. "Why does suspicion fall on me?"

"Sam declares that he saw you take it when you went into the bedroom for my hickory stick," exclaimed Mr White, angrily. "Do you dare to deny it?"

"Yes, I do deny it," said Jolly, firmly. "I saw the pocket-book lie there and thought that it was an unsafe place to leave it. I came out and closed the door behind me thinking that it was better that it should not be seen from the hall, but never touched a finger to it."

He looked so dauntless and brave, and spoke so fearlessly that even Mr White began to doubt his guilt. Jolly turned to Sam.

"I suppose," said he in a voice of perfect contempt, "that this is the revenge which you promised me; but you will find it hard to prove your charge, I think. Stand up, and make it, if you dare, before my face."

Sam did not move, but sat gazing upon the floor as he had sat since he came in. He had not faced Jolly once.

"Stand up, Sam; that is but fair," said his uncle. "Tell Mr West just what you told me."

Forced to it, Sam rose, but he did not lift his eyes from the floor. "Last night I was going through the hall when he was in the bedroom, and I saw him take the pocket-book off the table and put it in his pocket."

"Why did you not tell your uncle then?" asked Mr West.

Jolly said nothing, but his hands clenched themselves tightly together, and he bit his lip as if trying to keep back the angry words.

"How could I know it was his?" said Sam in a sullen tone. "I didn't know he'd left his there un-

til this morning. It might have been Jolly's, for all I knew."

"Mr White," said Mr West, "we have little to guide us in this matter except the word of these two boys. Which looks the most guilty, the accuser or the accused?"

Certainly not Jolly, as he stood there pale as death, but looking full into Mr White's face with his clear, honest eyes.

"Sam," said his uncle, now more than half inclined to disbelieve his story, "what have you to say?"

"Nothing but what I have said before," replied Sam, angrily. "If you don't choose to believe me, you needn't. Why don't you search him? You don't expect a thief to tell you he's got your money, do you?"

Mr White looked uneasy and perplexed.

"I am perfectly willing to be searched, sir," said Jolly, "if it would give you any satisfaction."

In a moment Sam's hand was on him, but it was only for a moment; the next, Jolly had flung him far from him. "Hands off, you miserable fellow," he exclaimed fiercely. "I want an honest man to search me," and he made a step toward Mr White. "I am ready, sir," said he.

"I don't know, I'm sure," said Mr White, in a very wavering, undecided voice. "I don't want to accuse any one wrongfully; perhaps there is some mistake."

"There is no mistake, sir. The charge has been made purposely. I prefer to be searched. If you will not do it, I will ask Mr West."

Mr West came forward. Every pocket was turned inside out for Mr White's satisfaction, but nothing was found. "That is all, Jolly, I believe," said Mr West.

"Yes, sir. There are no more," replied the boy.

"Yes, there is another," said Sam, starting up from the sofa upon which he had been sitting during the search. "There is a watch-pocket in those trousers."

I

"I had forgotten that," said Jolly.

Mr West put his fingers into the little pocket with a half smile on his face as he did so, but the smile vanished instantly, for he drew out a ten-dollar note. Without speaking he held it toward Jolly.

For a moment the boy gazed at it in silence, then he looked up into Mr West's face and for the first time saw there doubt and uncertainty.

"Do you believe me guilty?" he said, in a low voice.

Mr West did not answer. His faith was at least shaken.

"Of course he believes it," exclaimed Sam. "Didn't I tell you so from the first, uncle? He's nothing but a common street thief."

"You're a liar!" shouted Jolly at the top of his voice, and then his passion completely overmastered him. He seized Sam by the collar, and shaking him until the boy was almost strangled, poured out upon him a perfect torrent of threats and curses. All the restraint of the last nine months was swept away, and in his ungoverned fury he spoke and acted like the wretched outcast he had been when Miss Murray first found him. If Mr West had still trusted him, he could have borne with all Sam Burke's insults; but when he saw by his face that he no longer believed him, he lost all self-control and gave full play to his naturally fiery temper.

Nothing that he could have done would have been so likely to influence Mr West against him as this outbreak. Of all vices he hated profanity, and when he heard the curses which broke from the boy's lips he thought that nothing but conscious guilt could so excite him. Hastily disengaging Jolly's hand from Sam's collar, he told him severely to sit down and behave himself if he did not want to be arrested and sent to jail like a common criminal. He obeyed without a word. His burst of anger once over he was as quiet as a child. He sat down beside the table and

leaning his head upon his hand gazed out of the open window. It looked so gay and bright without, and he felt so miserable and so helpless.

X.

JOLLY'S PROTECTRESS.

THE room was very still for a few moments. Sam was afraid, and the two old men too deep in thought to speak. As they sat there in silence they heard the patter of a pair of little feet in the hall; the door opened gently and Katy's face peeped in. She had heard Jolly's angry voice and had come to find him.

"Run away now, little one," said Mr West. "Run away to aunty for a while."

But Katy had caught a glimpse of Jolly's unhappy face, and without taking any notice of Mr West she sprang to his side and laid her hand on his shoulder. Jolly clasped his arms around her and hid his face on her neck.

"What have you been doing to my boy?" said she, turning round toward the rest of the party. "What makes him look so?"

"He has been doing something very wicked, Katy," said Mr White.

"I don't believe it," said she. "What makes you think so?"

"He has stolen some money from my house."

"He has not! That's a wicked story! You don't believe him, do you, Uncle Robert?"

"I am afraid, my dear child. The money was found in his pocket."

"Oh, don't!" said poor Jolly in a broken voice. "Let her trust me, at least. Katy don't believe what they say."

"Don't be afraid," she said, laying her little hand

lovingly on his bowed head. "I know you didn't do it; they are naughty and wicked to say so. You're not my Uncle Robert any more," she added, turning to Mr West and shaking her finger at him; "you're only Mr West. Jolly, come away with me to aunty."

She spoke as if she were a woman and he a little child, and like a little child he rose to obey.

"He ought not to leave this room," said Mr White; "he may run off."

Jolly turned to Mr West. "Will it be of any use for me to pledge my word to you that I will not leave this house?" said he. "If it will, I promise not to do so without your permission." He held his head up proudly as he spoke, looking full into Mr West's face.

"Very well," said the farmer, but Mr White interfered.

"I am not willing that he should go before he has accounted for the rest of the money," said he. "Here are only ten dollars, there were thirty in the pocket-book; two ten dollar notes besides this."

Mr West looked at Jolly.

"If I stay in this room till I account for that money," said the boy, "I shall never leave it, for I know nothing about it. I never saw any of the money until you took that bill from my pocket. How it came there I don't know; I only know that I never saw it before. Shall I go or stay, Mr West?"

"You may go."

"Neighbour," said Mr West, when Jolly had left the room, "I will see that you are no loser by his leaving us. Somehow I cannot believe the boy guilty. When I first found the money after his saying that I had searched all his pockets, my heart failed me; but he faces me with those great, honest eyes of his, and puts all my fears to flight. I will ask one favour of you. Will you leave him in my hands? If, as you fear, he *should run away*, I pledge myself for the repayment of *the money*."

Katy led Jolly up to Mrs Hines' room. When they

went in, Katy still leading him by the hand, Mrs Hines threw aside her work hastily, thinking that he was sick; but before she could rise Jolly was on his knees beside her, with his face buried in her lap.

"My dear boy, what is the matter?" she exclaimed in surprise.

"Oh, aunty, its all over," he said, mournfully, "and I must go back to the old life." And then his self-control gave way, and he sobbed and cried like a little child; while Katy stood beside him, the tears raining down her face and falling on his head.

Mrs Hines let his tears have their way for a while; then she said, "I cannot understand you, my son. Can you tell me what the trouble is, now?"

So Jolly lifted his head and told her the whole story. He had wept away his anger, and he told it quietly and calmly. When he had finished Mrs Hines said, "Jolly, you are kneeling here before Almighty God, remember that, and tell me solemnly whether that charge is true or false."

Jolly raised his pale face, and looked full into her soft gray eyes as he said, "It is false. Do you believe me?"

"I do believe you," she said, kissing his forehead. "Now stay here with Katy while I go down to my brother."

"Aunty," said Jolly, "as she was leaving the room, 'I want no favours from Mr White. I want justice done me, but that is all.'"

"We will not ask for the favours until we have had justice;" and closing the door behind her she left them.

"Jolly," said Katy, after they had been sitting there very quietly for a few moments, "don't you think that our Jesus could help us? Shall I ask Him?"

Without giving him time to answer she knelt down, and clasping her little hands, said, "Dear Lord Jesus, please make all the people know that my Jolly isn't

such a naughty boy ; and let Jolly know that Jesus loves him dearly, even if Uncle Robert don't."

She was rising again from her knees when she turned back and said, "Please help us to forgive that wicked boy."

"What made you ask God to help us to forgive Sam Burke, Katy?" asked Jolly, when he had lifted her up on his lap.

"Because I think he did it."

"Did what?"

"Made Uncle Robert and Mr White believe you took the money, when he knows you didn't do it."

"What makes you think he wants to harm me, Katy?"

"Because he looks so ; I can see it in his eyes. Oh, Jolly, he's such a bad boy ! isn't he ?"

"Yes, he is a bad boy."

"But we'll try to forgive him, won't we ?"

Jolly did not answer.

"Jesus did, you know, Jolly. Won't you try?" and a little hand stole softly up to his face and stroked it.

"Won't you try a little bit, Jolly?"

"Yes, I'll try, Katy. It's pretty hard, but I'll try."

Mrs Hines had a long talk with her brother and Mr White, the result of which was that Mr White promised not to take any steps against Jolly unless there should be some further reason for believing him guilty. To tell the truth, the old man's good sense was getting the better of his temper, and he began to doubt whether the boy could have been so cool and brave if he were really the thief. But if he were not, who was the guilty one ? Mr West could have told him where his suspicions pointed ; but as Sam's manner was the only reason for them, he did not feel that he had any right to express them.

"But how could the money have got into his pocket without his knowledge?" said Mr White, as they were talking the matter over.

"I don't know, unless whoever stole it put it there

to throw suspicion on him." Mr West looked steadily at Sam as he said this, but Sam looked as steadily out of the window.

"What do you think about it, Sam?"

He did not look up even then, but answered shortly, "I don't see how any one could go to his pocket without his knowing it."

"Any one who knew this house could have done it last night when we were all up at your uncle's."

Sam looked up now with a start, but his eyes meeting Mr West's fixed full on him fell again. Mr West's suspicions were stronger than ever, but he said nothing, and Mr White and Sam left with a promise from the old man that the story should not be told abroad.

Mrs Hines and Mr West had another talk after they were gone, and then the farmer sent for Jolly, and Mrs Hines went up stairs.

"Jolly," said Mr West, when the boy came into the room, "my sister tells me that you thought that I should want you to leave my service."

"Yes, sir. I have made up my mind to go to New York to-morrow, unless Mr White should interfere. Of course, you will not want a person whom you suspect as a thief living in your family."

"Of course not; but I do want a boy who can look me in the face as honestly as you do."

"God bless you, sir!" said Jolly, heartily. "It seemed all along as if you would not believe them. Oh, Mr West, when I found that, after trying so hard to be fair and honest for nine months, the word of that boy could break my character right down again and throw me back where I was before, I felt perfectly desperate. I would have been ready to do anything, if Katy had not come in just then. She saved me."

"God saved you, Jolly."

"I did not think of God then. He seemed far off; but Katy's arm was about my neck and I could feel her little heart beat right against my face, and I knew

that it beat true to me, and that she would trust me through all that might be said. I know that God sent her to me, and I thank Him for it, but I shall always feel that she saved me. But, Mr West, I must ask your pardon for one thing; I am very sorry that I spoke as I did this morning. I do not remember what I said, but I know that I used very bad language."

"You must ask God to forgive you, Jolly. That sin was committed against Him, not against me."

When the boys came in they burst out at once in fierce threats against Sam Burke. They had heard the story already. Sam had told it to one of the men who worked on the valley-farm, and he had repeated it to Frank.

"I tell you what it is," said Frank, shaking hands very energetically with Jolly as he spoke, "it's my belief that when Mr White wants to see the thief he had better look at his precious nephew."

"I think so, too," said Dick, "and I mean to tell Sam so. I only wish that I had been home last night to catch him at that job."

"Hush, boys," said their father. "You have no right to accuse Sam until you have proof that he is guilty."

"He accused Jolly when he knew that he was innocent," said Dick, warmly. "Let him go about with his story if he dares, and I'll ring it all through Salem that he stole his uncle's money, and then put some of it into Jolly's pocket. By the way, Jolly, how did his lordship happen to know that you had a watch-pocket in those pants?"

"I'm sure I don't know," said Jolly. "I never thought of that."

"He might have seen it," said Mr West.

"No, my vest covers it," said Jolly.

The boys looked at one another, but Mr West said, "Now I want this matter dropped entirely, so far as talking about it is concerned. I shall use every means

to learn the truth, but if there is any discussion about it those who know most will be put on their guard. There must be no quarrelling with Sam Burke, and no talking on the subject. Do you all understand me?"

They all understood and were ready to obey, for they saw the wisdom of silence. Jolly went out to his work as usual with the other boys, the only difference being that they seemed to think that he needed a great deal of care and attention that afternoon.

XI.

DOUBT AND SUSPICION.

MR WHITE kept his promise not to spread the story of the theft as much for his own sake as for Jolly's, for he was afraid that if all were known one boy might be quite as much suspected as the other. But Sam took great pains to let every one hear the tale, and Jolly suffered very much by it. There were many that listened to the story eagerly, and talked about the folly of taking up a street boy and trying to make an honest man of him ; and there were many more who, although they said very little, would not have trusted him with a cent. The Wests did all they could for him. The father invariably had a kind word to speak for the boy, and the sons stood up for him nobly, fighting his battles bravely like the valiant young soldiers they were ; and influencing many to believe as they did, that Sam's accusation was utterly false.

Poor Jolly felt his trial very keenly, and many a little circumstance occurred which showed how far he had fallen even in the opinion of those who would not on any account have hinted in words that they thought him dishonest.

One morning he was coming from the mill with an empty waggon, having taken a load of corn to be ground. As he drove quickly toward home, he noticed

that a waggon which had left the mill a few moments before him, was standing in the road, and when he reached it, he found the teamster (a man who had all along been very friendly to him) in great perplexity, the axle-tree having broken beneath the weight of too heavy a load of meal. This man's farm lay directly in Jolly's road, and he at once offered to carry the meal for him. The offer was gratefully accepted, and Jolly was in the act of springing down to help him to lift the bags from one waggon to the other, when a thought seemed to strike the teamster, and he said hesitatingly, "I—I believe I had better not trouble you after all."

Jolly looked at him in astonishment, but the next moment the true reason of the man's refusal flashed across his mind.

"Very well, sir," said he, and snatching up the reins, he drove off, his heart beating so fast with shame and indignation that he could not have spoken another word.

These little annoyances were constantly occurring, and poor Jolly's joyous temper and gay spirits began to fail. He grew more and more dull and quiet, and all the boys' efforts to rouse him were useless. But this was not the only cause for his sadness. For months he had felt a strong desire to join the church, and thus to let all men know that he loved and wished to serve that Saviour who had done so much for him. He had spoken of his wish when he first went to Salem, but it had been thought best for him to wait until the next Communion Sabbath, and that Sabbath was now drawing very near. Would he be disappointed again?

He was sitting by the window one evening, thinking about it, when he felt a hand laid on his shoulder, and looking up, saw Mr West.

"Come, Jolly," said the old man, "you must cheer up, my boy. You let this thing weigh too heavily upon you."

Jolly shook his head. "You don't know what it is, Mr West, to have every one suspect you, and to be

watched like a thief when you enter a store, or wherever you may go. For nearly four weeks this has been going on, and it grows worse and worse."

"But the truth must come out soon, Jolly; it can not be hid for ever."

"I don't know about that," said the boy, "and besides, there is another thing that troubles me. The Communion Sabbath is coming near again. How can I join the church with such a stain as this upon my name? Oh, Mr West, sometimes I feel almost despairing!"

The farmer did not answer at once; and in the silence which followed Jolly's words, a sweet, birdlike voice rose on the still, evening air.

"I am Jesus' little lamb,
Therefore glad and gay I am;
Jesus loves me, Jesus knows me,
All things good and fair He shows me,
Tends me every day the same,
Even calls me by my name."

They sat and listened while Katy sang the whole hymn, the gladness of her happy little heart breaking out joyously as she sang—

"Should not I be glad and gay,
In this pleasant fold all day;
By this Holy Shepherd tended,
Whose kind arms when life is ended,
Bear me to that world of light?
Yes, oh yes, my lot is bright!"

Even Jolly in his despair was comforted by it; and when the sweet song was ended, he said in a much more cheerful voice, "I suppose it would hardly be right for me to do so unless the matter were cleared up, would it?"

"No, Jolly, it would not be right; in fact, it would not be allowed. I do wish that we could trace the thief!"

"The thief is traced if we could trace the pocket"

book," said Jolly. "Mr West," and he turned round and looked up into the farmer's face, "I have made up my mind ; I shall ask for a trial."

"Before the Court, Jolly?"

"Yes, sir, before the Court. It is the only way clear this thing up."

"But, Jolly, you must remember that the man was found on you ; and I believe that boy will swear to anything to save himself, for if you are acquitted he will of course be proved guilty of perjury if not theft."

"I doubt his swearing so as to deceive any one, I West. He is too much of a coward."

"But you will be put into jail, Jolly, until the trial comes on."

The boy shuddered. For a moment that thought seemed to shake his resolution ; then he said firmly "I must take my chance. Anything is better than the present state of affairs. The Court holds its session very soon, I think."

"Yes, it meets in less than two weeks from now."

Mr West was silent for a time, then he said, "Jolly I think you had better write to Mr Murray before you take any steps in this matter. He may be able to help you very greatly if he thinks it best for you to bring the case up before Court."

"So I will," said Jolly, joyfully. "I know that he'll help me, and he's so smart that he'll be sure to carry it through."

"But suppose that he thinks it best for you to let the slander down, and not to bring the case up for trial?"

"I don't believe he will think so," said Jolly, "isn't that kind. But I won't do anything until I hear from him, at any rate. I'll write to-night."

"Very well, do so if you think it best ; and may God defend the right !"

"Amen !" said Jolly thoughtfully. "Mr West !" called, as the old man was leaving him to his task

he spoke he rose and went to the door where Mr West had paused to hear what he had to say. "If this matter should be set right before Communion Sabbath, could I join the church then? Would my having been in such a passion the other day prevent it?"

"Not if you are truly sorry for you own sin, my boy, and willing to forgive the sin of your enemy. Do you think that you can say from your heart that you forgive Sam Burke?"

"I think I can," said Jolly. "It has been very hard; and sometimes when people seem to suspect me more than usual, I feel very badly toward him; but I have been a wicked boy myself, Mr West, and it will not do for me to be too severe with others."

"Suppose, Jolly, that you knew that by one means your name could be cleared, and his disgraced; and that by another, you could be proved honest, while he was still unconvicted, which method would you prefer?"

"I think," said the boy after a few moments thought, "that I would choose the second. I don't mean that I never want him punished; sometimes it seems as if I would give anything to have him feel what I suffer, but that is only when the angry temper comes into my heart. I am sure that if the choice were given me calmly, I should say, 'Let him go free.'"

The next morning Mr West found that he must go to the village on business, and he took Jolly with him. There were two reasons why he chose him for his companion. One was that he thought the ride would brighten him a little, and the other was that he wished people to see that he still treated the suspected boy with as much confidence as one of his own children. Mr West was sitting in the waggon, before the post-office, waiting for Jolly, who had gone in to mail his letter to Mr Murray. As he sat there, looking at the court-house, which was also the county jail, and which stood on the same street with the post-office, a voice close behind him said,

"Good morning, farmer; you seem buried in thought."

Mr West recognised the voice of his minister, and grasped his hand cordially.

"What were you thinking about so gravely," said the gentleman.

"Well, Mr Palmer, I was thinking of that boy of whom I have spoken to you so often."

"What—the boy whom Mr White accuses of having taken his money?"

"Yes sir; and a more thoroughly honest boy I never knew. Poor fellow, he wants very much to join the church at this coming Communion."

"Is there no way of proving his innocence?" asked Mr Palmer.

"He means to bring the case before the Court, unless his friend, Mr Murray, should disapprove the plan. But I feel very uncomfortable about it. Suppose the circumstances should tell too strongly against him?"

"I think the boy is right, Mr West. God will take care of him if he is one of His own. There he comes now—good morning, Jolly."

"Good morning, Mr Palmer," and Jolly looked wistfully up into the minister's face, for Mr Palmer was one of those who seemed to trust him, in spite of all.

"Mr West tells me that you wish to join the church, my boy."

Mr Palmer said this in a very low voice, lest the passers by should hear him.

"Yes, sir, I do very much."

"Why do you wish it?"

"First," said the boy, turning to Mr Palmer a bright, but serious face, "because I think that it is right. I think that if a man chooses to serve under a certain captain he ought to own him as his leader; if *he don't*, it looks as if he were ashamed of him; and *then I feel as if I should fight better if my name were enrolled. I should feel more responsible, I think.*"

"Who is your Captain, Jolly?"

He looked up in surprise at the question, and answered very gravely, "My Captain is the Lord Jesus Christ."

"His service is an easy one in some points, my son, but in others it is very hard for our weak, sinful hearts. Where will you find the strength you need?"

"In Him," said Jolly, earnestly. "Oh Mr Palmer, you don't know all He has done for me. I can trust Him for whatever I need."

"I want no more full confession of faith than that," said Mr Palmer, turning to Mr West. Then laying his hand on Jolly's shoulder, he said, "Your employer tells me that you mean to ask for a trial. I think that you are very wise, and all that I can do for you I certainly will do. As to your uniting with the church, I shall see you with reference to that again. May God bless you, and give you the needed proofs of your innocence!"

"Thank you, sir," and Jolly shook the minister's hand heartily. Then he sprang up beside Mr West with a face whose brightness told how much his heavy heart had been lightened by Mr Palmer's kindly words. He felt for the moment as if he did not care what others might think of him when he thought of his gentle, sympathising voice, and the cordial grasp of his hand.

XII.

A PLEASANT SURPRISE

"WHAT is the matter with that child?" exclaimed Mrs Hines. It was afternoon, and she was sewing in the sitting-room. A loud scream from Katy whom *she had left playing on the door-step startled her, and she ran quickly out as she spoke, expecting to find*

her very badly hurt. But to her surprise, when she reached the door, there was Katy in the arms of a lady, whom she was hugging with all her might, while close beside them stood a gentleman holding two horses by their bridles, and laughing heartily at the little girl's noisy delight.

"Well, well," said Mrs Hines, hurrying toward them, "if this isn't a sight to do one good! The child nearly frightened my life away; I thought she was almost killed; but this pays me well for my start. Come in, come in, this does me good!"

Miss Murray, for it was she, put Katy down upon the grass, and gathering up her riding habit, followed Mrs Hines into the house; while her brother waited for a moment to give the horses into the care of a man who was coming from the stable.

"Oh, Mr Murray, I am so glad you have come! It will set poor Jolly all right," said Mrs Hines, when he came into the little parlour.

"Where is Jolly?" asked Mr Murray. "Can I see him now?"

"Yes. He is away off on the hill, but I will send one of the other boys for him."

She went into the kitchen for the whistle, which soon brought Frank, who was working not far from the house; and she told him to ask his father if he could spare Jolly for a while as she wanted him very much.

"Yes, I guess he can come," said Frank, who had not seen the visitors. "If you want him I can take his place on the hill now; I have finished my piece of work."

"How is Jolly doing here?" asked Mr Murray when Mrs Hines came back.

"As well as possible. They are all very fond of him, and he and my brother's boys agree so nicely that *you would think that they had all been brought up together.* Of course they have their little tiffs *some times,* but no quarrel ever lasts long; they are

friends again in a few minutes. Since he has been in this trouble the boys have been his stoutest supporters. He has been in rather better spirits for the past few days—I think that the hope of a letter from you has kept him up. But he has grown very quiet and sad. This has been a hard trial for him.”

“Poor fellow, I did not receive his letter until yesterday. We have been making a visit to Lake George, and it had to be sent there after going to New York. I had an engagement at Glenn’s Falls last evening, so we rode over yesterday afternoon, and started for Salem this morning. If Jolly can make out as clear a case before the Court as he did in writing to me, I do not at all fear for the success of our suit.”

“Then you think it best for him to bring it up?”

“Certainly I do. How else can he clear himself?”

“But suppose they will not bail him, Mr Murray. My brother would be willing to give any bail that would be required, if it were within his means; but he thinks that he will not be allowed in a case of theft, and he might have to go to jail until the case should be tried.”

“Who, Jolly? Why, my dear Mrs Hines, if any one goes to jail, it will be this other boy Burke. But it will not be necessary for him to be locked up if his friends choose to give bail for him. I mean to turn the tables on them, and bring a suit for slander against those people. Hark! is not that Jolly’s voice, now? No, stay here, Katy,” for the little girl had run forward to be the first to tell the good news. “Let him come right in. Don’t tell him we are here.”

“Where are you, aunty?” said Jolly’s voice in the hall.

“In the parlour, come in.”

He stood still in the doorway for a moment, too much surprised to speak.

“Oh, Mr Murray, it is you; isn’t it?” he said at last.

“I believe it is, Jolly,” said his friend; “I do not think any one else has slipped into my boots.”

"Oh, I am so glad to see you," said Jolly, and then something seemed to rise in his throat and choke him ; and he could only shake hands without speaking ; but he did that with such earnestness that it seemed to Miss Murray as if his strong grasp would almost crush her softer fingers.

In a few minutes Mrs Hines told him that he had better run up stairs and dress himself.

"He looks as if he wanted a real good cry," said she, when he had gone, "and I do believe he would take it if he were alone, so I sent him off by himself."

"Now, Jolly," said Mr Murray, when the boy came down-stairs again, dressed in his Sunday best, "I want to have a long talk with you. Shall we go out for a walk?"

"Not just now, Mr Murray," said Mrs Hines. "My brother and the boys have come in, and tea is ready."

Mr Murray looked at his watch. "Will we have time for an hour's talk after tea? There is no moon to-night, and we must get back to the village before it is entirely dark."

"Not if I can help it," said Mr West's voice. "I don't mean to ask for an introduction ; I feel as if I knew you both," he went on giving his right hand to Miss Murray, while her brother took the left. "I cannot let you leave the farm until you leave Salem altogether. If, as I hope, you have come to see this trial through, you are my guests, if you can content yourselves in so plain a house."

It was hard to refuse an invitation so pleasantly given ; and after a little further conversation about it, it was agreed that the boys should drive to the village for the Murrays' baggage after tea, and that they should make the Valley Farm their home while they remained in Salem.

As soon as supper was over, Mr Murray and Jolly set off on their walk.

"Let us take a lonely path," said Mr Murray. So

Jolly struck off into a road upon which there were no houses whatever, and where they would not be likely at that hour to meet any one.

"Now, Jolly," said his friend, when they had walked on for a little distance, "I want you to tell me the whole truth. Of course, I know that you will not deceive me, but I mean that I want this whole story from beginning to end. Tell me everything, however unimportant, that has occurred between you and this Burke."

Jolly told him all, from first to last; not attempting to hide his own sin, nor to gloss it over, but relating every circumstance as if he were speaking of another person. Mr Murray walked along, with his head bent down listening; and when Jolly had finished his story, his friend could have repeated it word for word.

"Well done, Jolly," said he, when the boy ceased speaking; "you have made out a splendid case. I would not be afraid to trust you to plead for yourself. How would you like me for your lawyer?"

Jolly's face flushed. "Oh, Mr Murray! you know how I would like it," he said.

"Very well, then, I shall consider myself engaged; and I will do the very best I can for you."

Then Mr Murray explained exactly what he meant to do; and how he intended to "carry the war into the enemy's country," as he expressed it. Jolly was delighted with this new plan. The poor boy had not known how much he dreaded the possibility of being put into jail to await his trial, until that fear was removed. It seemed as if he could never find words to express his gratitude. But it was not necessary to find any, for Mr Murray would not let him speak those which rose to his lips.

"Never mind it, Jolly," he said, "I know all you would say. Wait until I have punished this fellow before you thank me."

Jolly walked on silently for a few minutes, then he

said, "Mr Murray, couldn't I be set right without Sam being made to suffer very much?"

Mr Murray looked at him in surprise. "Why do you ask that, Jolly?"

"Because if it could be done I should be glad."

"Why? The boy deserves punishment."

Jolly did not answer at once, but after a little hesitation he said, "If am cleared I want to join the church on the next Communion Sabbath."

"And what has that to do with the question of Burke's punishment? It will be mere justice."

"Mr Murray, I can't say to him, 'pay me that thou owest,' when I am on my way to own before the world that my debts have all been freely forgiven."

Mr Murray did not reply. He walked on very quietly for some minutes, so quietly that Jolly feared that he had displeased him; but when he looked up into his face that face broke into a smile at once.

"You're a noble fellow, Jolly, and I will be as easy as I can with that youngster. But you must be righted, I will not stop short of that."

"I don't want you to stop short of that," said Jolly, smiling; "but I would like you to let him slide off pretty easy, if you can."

Mr Murray laughed, and then they talked of other things until they reached home.

Frank and Dick made a great stir when they went down to the hotel for the trunks. They were neither of them at all anxious to hide the fact that the stylish-looking riders whom every one had noticed that day as they passed through the village, were friends of Jolly's; and Dick threw out so many hints that before night little Salem was alive with the news that the suspected boy had insisted upon a trial, and that a New York lawyer had come up to plead his case. Dick had not said so much as that, but he had spoken *in such a dignified manner* of "Jolly's lawyer" as to leave but little room for doubt as to Mr Murray's *errand to Salem*.

XIII

THE FALLS.

"THIS is a glorious day for our frolic, Mr West," said Mr Murray.

He was standing at the front gate with Katy beside him, watching the boys who were harnessing the grays to a long waggon which looked as if a score of merry-makers could be accommodated in it. It was six o'clock, and they had already had breakfast, done the chores, and were ready to start off on their "frolic." This expedition had been planned when the Murrays first came to the farm, but it had been a very busy week with Mr West, and he had not felt able to spare a day before; and now it wanted but two days of the time appointed for the trial; after which the visitors were to leave for home. They were to take a drive of ten miles to some beautiful Falls, spend the day there, and return in the afternoon.

"Yes," said Mr West, "we could not have had a brighter. Here comes the waggon. Run in, Puss, and call Miss Murray and aunty."

"It took some little time to stow so many people away. There were Mr and Miss Murray, Mrs Hines and Katy, and Mr West with his two boys and Jolly—eight in all—a good waggon-load for the old grays, not to speak of the two great baskets of provisions which were snugly tucked away in front.

The ride across the country was delightful. A lovely little brook, the very one which formed the Falls, ran along beside them nearly all the way; hiding itself among the bushes or behind the rocks sometimes, then springing into sight again, sparkling and dancing, and rushing on as if it meant to run a race with them to their journey's end. And indeed if such had been its intention it would surely have won, for the old grays never thought of trying to beat such a merry, happy

little brook as that. But although the sober old horses did not think of trying a race with the water, the fresh morning air growing a little cool now as the autumn came on, made them feel quite gay, and they stepped out more nimbly than Jolly had ever seen them do before; so that they reached the spot which had been chosen for the picnic earlier than had been expected.

Miss Murray said that she was sorry that the drive was over, but when her brother lifted her from the waggon and she turned toward the Falls, holding Katy's hand in hers, she was very glad that they had reached the place so soon, for she felt as if she had not even then time to see the half of its beauties. Even little Katy was still in silent delight, looking at the glorious picture.

They stood in a valley, on a soft carpet of the greenest grass. Little hillocks, all as green as the one on which they stood, rose and fell around them. Far up beyond, rose high wooded hills which sloped down to meet huge cliffs of rock over which the brook which had danced so gaily beside the road, here swollen to a torrent, dashed and roared with a noise which, at first, almost deafened them. Below the highest Fall there were many smaller cascades which fell at less and less distances until the water reached the level of the valley. There it flowed noisily on over a rough bed of stones and pebbles until they lost sight of it behind another rocky cliff.

For a long time they all stood looking at the beautiful scene, then Mr West proposed that they should drink success to Jolly at a spring near by. So they went to the spring. After they had refreshed themselves with the cool water, Miss Murray took out her sketch-book, and Mr Murray and the boys prepared to *amuse themselves* in their own way, while Mrs Hines, *with her knitting* in her hands, seated herself near the *young lady* to watch the picture as it grew beneath *her quick fingers*. Mr West wandered off among the

rocks ; and Katy flitted about from one to another, but wound up at last by nestling close beside her beloved Miss Murray.

The boys found Mr Murray a capital playmate. He could run races, throw weights, and wrestle with the best of them ; and when, in the overflow of their gay spirits, they determined to see who could shout the loudest, his voice rang out so loud and clear a call that the rocks echoed it back far and wide until it seemed as if the sound would never cease. All this frolicking made them very hungry, and the boys began to cry out for dinner. They brought the baskets down to a great flat rock by the water-side, and then Mrs Hines and Miss Murray sent them away again to their games, telling them that none but women must set the table.

" I'm a woman, isn't I, Miss Murray ? " said Katy.

" Oh, yes, you are a woman. We don't mean to send you away. Why, we couldn't do without you."

So Katy ran around helping a little and hindering a great deal ; but aunty and Miss Murray thanked her for the help, and never said a word about the hindrance, and the little girl was as happy as a bird.

After dinner the whole party, with the exception of Mrs Hines and Katy, started off to walk up the rocks to the head of the Falls. Mrs Hines said that she was too old and Katy too young to clamber over rocks, so they would remain where they were and take care of each other. Katy did not mind being left very much, for she was a little afraid to go, and she stayed very contentedly with her aunty, Miss Murray having promised her a bouquet of the bright autumn leaves which made the hills above the Falls so beautiful.

After they were gone she began to stroll up and down beside the water, looking for pretty stones.

" Don't go far away, Katy," said Mrs Hines in a very sleepy tone, for she was growing drowsy over her knitting.

" No, aunty, I won't leave you," said Katy.

But by and by she did wander far away; not purposely, but as she sauntered along singing softly to herself, she forgot all about aunty and the rest, and went on and on quite unconscious of the long distance which she had walked; while Mrs Hines, tired out with her long day in the open air, dropped asleep where she sat, leaning against a rock.

All at once Katy glanced up and saw a huge rock in her path. There was an opening in it, and she went nearer and looked in.

"Oh, here's a dear little room! Isn't that nice?" said she, forgetting that there was no one near to hear her.

The "little room" was a cave. It was not a dark place such as caves often are, for there was a cleft in the rock overhead, and the sun-light fell through it. Katy stepped in and looked around her.

"Oh, here's a chair for me!" said she, seating herself upon a flat stone which lay at one side of the cave. Another stone formed a sort of back to this seat, making it look like a small chair without legs.

She sat there for a while and rested herself. Then seeing a gleam of light at the further end of her "room," and thinking that it was another outlet, she walked slowly toward it. When she reached the place she found that it was only a cleft in the rock through which the light struck, but there was not room for her to pass. So she turned back to go out by the same opening through which she had entered. As she drew near to the stone seat she stood still in fear. Bending over it, hiding something away beneath it, was Sam Burke! The thing which he was hiding looked like a small, black book. All at once a thought struck Katy—that was the pocket-book!

As she stood there in silent terror, she remembered that she had heard the boys say that Sam's father lived *very near the Falls*; that was the reason why he was *so much at Mr White's house*, for he went to school in

Salem. In a moment Sam rose. He turned and saw her.

"What are you about here?" he exclaimed in a startled tone. Then he recovered himself and said in a coaxing voice, "Why, Katy, what brought you to this place? Are you lost? Come, I'll take you back."

"No," said Katy resolutely. "I won't go, I want the pocket-book."

Sam turned pale, and looked at her fiercely. "You must go!" he said. "There is no pocket-book here. What do you mean?" and taking hold of her arm he tried to draw her out of the cave. But Katy's fears seemed to have fled; she was brave as a little lion. She twisted her arm out of his grasp and said:

"There is a pocket-book there, I saw it."

Sam seized her arm again, and shook her roughly, as he said:

"I tell you there is not, and if you dare to say you saw it there, I will kill you."

For a moment little Katy's heart failed her. "Oh," she thought, looking up in his dark, angry face, "if he kills me, I will never see my Jolly any more." Sam saw that she grew white, and felt the terror that shook her, and he repeated his threat.

"If you don't promise me not to say a word about this cave, I'll kill you."

"You won't," cried Katy, with sudden courage; "you can't, my Jesus won't let you. He will take care of me."

For a moment Sam drew back. That earnest voice, those flashing blue eyes startled him, but he dared not lose the pocket-book. He stepped toward her again, but she slipped past him, and to his surprise, flung herself upon the stone which formed the seat of the chair, and clasping her arm around the back, shouted at the top of her voice, "Jo-lly! Frank-ie!"

"You needn't call," said Sam, in a sneering tone; "they can't hear, they are away at the head of the

Falls. I saw them there just now. Come, get up. I don't want to hurt you ; but I will have that pocket-book."

"You said there was no pocket-book there," said Katy, quickly. Sam had betrayed himself, and he was more angry still.

"I don't care what I said," he answered, fiercely.

"If you don't get up I will make you, that is all."

Katy did not answer, she was asking her Saviour to help her.

"Will you get up or not?"

Still no answer. Sam put his arms around her, and gave a quick, strong pull. Katy felt the rough stone graze her arms ; but she only clasped her little fingers tighter, and held on with all her might. The moment Sam loosed his hold, she raised her head and shouted again.

"Jolly ! Jolly ! come !"

The next instant those cruel hands held her again. It seemed strange that she could resist them, yet she held fast ; but now the shout which had been so loud and clear at first was growing very faint. It was scarcely more than a wailing cry when again she called :

"Oh, Jolly, my Jolly ! you must come."

Sam bent over her for the third time, sure of conquering her now ; but his fingers had scarcely touched her, when a strong hand seized him and flung him to the inner side of the cave.

"Oh, Mr Murray ! the pocket-book ! the pocket-book !" cried Katy ; and then she covered her face with her hands and cried as if her heart would break.

"Jolly ! Jolly ! here, my man ! In the cave !" shouted Mr Murray, as he lifted Katy. Jolly dashed in with Frank behind him.

"Go, collar that fellow !" said Mr Murray. "Hold him until Katy can give an account of herself. There *has been* a pretty piece of work here. Poor little *Katy* !" He was wiping her face, and petting and *fondling* her even while he spoke to the boys.

"Come, Pussy, can you tell me anything about it now?" he said, when her sobs ceased a little.

"The pocket-book! get the pocket-book!" sobbed Katy, as soon as she could speak.

"Where is it?"

"Under the stone where I was lying. He put it there; I saw him. Oh, my arms are hurt so!"

"Leave the boy with Frank, Jolly. Come here, and see what the child means," said Mr Murray.

"Don't you dare to move," added he, turning to Sam.

"If you do, you will be in Salem jail before night."

He looked so much as if he meant what he said that Sam stood quietly beside Frank, while Jolly went toward the stone. He tried to lift it, but it was too heavy.

"Put your hand in underneath," cried Katy, trembling with eagerness. Jolly slipped his hand in, and the next moment, with a cry of delight, he waved the pocket-book high above his head.

"It's the right one! It's Mr White's! I know it by the clasp. Oh, Katy, you dear, darling Katy!" and he threw his arms around her, and kissed her again and again.

"Look inside, Jolly. See if the money is there," said Mr Murray.

Yes, it was there; two ten-dollar notes, like the one which Mr West had found in Jolly's pocket. Sam had been afraid to use them, lest he should be suspected.

"Now," said Mr Murray, "let us go and find the others."

The party had separated in coming down the rocks, Miss Murray having been led by Mr West to an easier path than the one chosen by her brother and the boys. Katy shrank back in Mr Murray's arms as Sam passed her, with Frank and Jolly on either side.

"Don't be afraid of him now, Katy," said Mr Murray; "you have proved yourself such a little heroine that I never expect to see you frightened again."

Katy smiled, but the next moment she laid her head down on his shoulder with a very heavy sigh, and he let her lie there quietly, saying no more to her.

XIV.

CONQUEST.

THEY found that the rest of the party had already joined Mrs Hines, who was very much frightened about Katy. Mr Murray told them in a few words what had happened, and leaving the child with them to be comforted and petted, went away with Mr West, Jolly, and Sam. Frank had told him where to find Mr Burke, Sam's father, and he determined to go at once to him with the boy.

Mr Burke happened to be in the house just at that time, and saw the party coming. He went out to meet them, wondering what his troublesome son had been doing now, that such a number of people should be with him. Just as they reached the gate, Jolly drew Mr Murray back.

"The finding of this pocket-book will set me all right, Mr Murray, won't it?"

"Yes, I mean to make him confess everything before I leave this house."

"Then we'll let him go, Mr Murray."

"What! without any trial at all, do you mean?"

"Yes, sir. I shall be perfectly cleared then."

"But, Jolly, an example ought to be made of him."

"Oh, no, not this time! Just look at his father!"

Mr West was talking to Mr Burke, telling him what he knew of the affair; and the father stood leaning against the gate, with a sad, downcast face, listening to him.

"Well, I will see," said Mr Murray.

He walked on, and they all entered the house to

gether. Mr Murray began at once with the business which had brought them there, giving Mr Burke the whole story. When he had finished he turned to Sam.

"What have you to say for yourself?" said he.

"Nothing," replied Sam, sullenly.

"Do you deny what I have said?"

"No," answered the boy, in the same dogged manner.

His mother was in the room, and when he said this, she threw her apron over her face and began to cry, while his father turned away and covered his face with his hands. Jolly moved toward Mr Murray. He was afraid that he might be displeased if he spoke to him again, but that mother's sorrow was more than he could bear; he never could stand the sight of a woman's tears.

"Mr Murray," he said, hesitatingly, "do let him go."

"Young man," said Mr Murray, turning away from Jolly, and speaking to Sam, "this boy whose character you have done your best to destroy, has come to me for the third time to beg for your release from punishment. I cannot resist his entreaties any longer. I will withdraw the charge now lodged in court against you on this condition; I will write out a statement of his innocence, and of your shameful attempt to ruin him which you shall sign, and have it printed in the village newspaper. You have spread this slander all over Salem, and wherever the story of Jolly's guilt has gone the proof of his innocence must follow. Mr Burke, are you willing that your son should sign this confession?"

"You are very good to let him off so easy, sir. It is the very least he can do," said the father, sadly.

"It is no goodness of mine," answered Mr Murray.

"I was very unwilling at first to consent to it. You must thank this boy. It is a fortunate thing for your son that he is in the power of a most generous-hearted fellow."

He took a piece of paper from his pocket-book and began to write. When he had finished he threw it

across the table to Jolly, and asked him if that satisfied him.

"You don't look as if it pleased you," said he, as the boy glanced at him after reading it. "Isn't it clear enough?"

"It is too clear," said Jolly.

"Then write one to suit yourself."

He spoke half in jest, but Jolly took him at his word, and turning to the blank side of the paper, wrote a few lines very quickly, and then handed it back to Mr Murray. The difference between the two confessions was this. Mr Murray's paper made Sam say that he had falsely accused Jolly of a crime which he had himself committed; that he humbly begged his pardon, and thanked him for his generous refusal to have him punished for his guilt. By Jolly's paper, Sam simply said that he had wronged him, and that he took back all that he had ever said against him, it having been clearly proven that he had never committed the theft of which he had been accused. Mr Murray handed the paper to Mr Burke. The father read both confessions, then he turned to Jolly and took both his hands in his.

"God bless you, boy!" he said in a trembling voice. "You have saved us from open disgrace, at least."

And the mother came to him, with her face still wet with tears, and tried to thank him, but she could not. "I wish you had a mother to be proud of you," she said; and then the coming tears choked her voice, and she could only press his hand and pray silently that God would reward him. No wonder Jolly rushed out of the house before the confession was signed.

But Mr Murray did not come away so hastily. He made Sam sign the paper with his full name, Samuel White Burke, in a large, round hand; and Mr Burke and Mr Murray added their names as witnesses. As Mr Murray was following Jolly and Mr West, he heard Mrs Burke say:

"Oh, Sam, do speak to him ! Do thank him, if you have any heart in you !"

"Sam made no answer, and his father said, "Let him alone, Jane. He is as hard as a flint."

But Mr Murray doubted that. He thought that his mother's bitter tears had softened him, for he had seen him glance up hastily when she was speaking to Jolly, and then turn away and dash his hand across his eyes ; and when he had taken the pen to sign the confession his hand had trembled so that he could scarcely write. He looked at him now to see if he showed any sign of relenting, but he did not move, and they all left the house followed by the father's gratitude and the mother's blessing.

They had scarcely walked twenty rods when they heard the sound of running feet behind them, and turning, saw Sam.

"What does that fellow want now ?" said Mr West in a vexed tone, for he was thoroughly out of patience with him.

"I expect that he wants me," said Jolly, pausing.

"I think so to," said Mr Murray. "Let us walk on, Mr West. If, as I suspect, Jolly's kindness has at last touched him, they will do better without us."

"Oh, Jolly !" exclaimed Sam, the moment he reached him, "that paper don't say half enough ! I never thought any one could be so good !"

"Never mind that," said Jolly. "You are ready to be friends now, I suppose ;" and he held out his hand.

"I'll be the best friend you ever had," said Sam, grasping it tightly, "and I'll tell every one I know that I wronged you. But, Jolly, don't think I'm a real thief. I stole that pocket-book just for the sake of ruining you, and it has been a perfect curse to me ever since. I dared not spend the money, and I dared not keep it ; and wherever I tried to hide it, it seemed as if some one would be sure to see it. Oh, I'll never steal again !"

"That's right," said Jolly.

"And I'll never say a word against you again. But there's another thing; I'm so sorry that I hurt the little girl. Will you tell her so?"

Jolly coloured. The thought of Katy's bruised arms and tearful face had been the only thing which made it an effort for him to give his hand to Sam. The boy saw his hesitation.

"It was a mean thing, I know," said he, "a real mean thing; but tell her I am very sorry, and that she need never be afraid of me again. I only wish I could do something to show her how sorry I am."

"I'll tell her," said Jolly, making a great effort to speak kindly. "Now I must say good-bye; they will be wanting to start for home."

"Good-bye," said Sam. "You're the best fellow that ever was!"

"No, no. I'm not that," said Jolly, laughing as he turned away.

The drive home was less merry but none the less happy than the morning's drive had been. Katy was quite worn out with fatigue and excitement, and sat on Jolly's lap as quiet as a mouse. The others were almost as silent as she, but there was a look of such content on every face that no one would have thought them sad. Frank was the first to speak.

"How mum we all are," said he. "Shan't we have a song?"

"Oh, no!" said Jolly. "It seems as if we ought to be still to-night."

"Yes, I feel so too," said Miss Murray. "I cannot think of anything but the great mercy which God has shown us."

Jolly looked at her with a bright smile on his happy face. Her eyes answered him, but she did not speak; and Jolly for the twentieth time bent down and *whispered* in Katy's ear, "My little darling, who was *hurt for me?*"

When they arrived at home, Mr Murray said that he

should have to ride down to the village after tea in order that Sam's confession might be printed in the next morning's paper; and his sister told Jolly that if he would like to go with him he might ride her horse. So Mr West went up to Mr White's with the pocket-book while they rode off to call on the editor of the paper, and the judge whom Mr Murray had seen before.

Of all the pleasures which Jolly had ever enjoyed that ride was one of the greatest. The horses were fresh and gay; it was a beautiful evening; the moon shone out clear and bright, making the road almost as light as day, and the air was cool and bracing. But it was not any of these which made the evening one to be remembered as long as Jolly lived; it was his long talk with Mr Murray. Next to Katy, the boy loved this man more than any one else in the world, and to-night he poured forth all his love and gratitude to him, and was answered in a way which showed him that his affection was not lost upon his friend.

Then they had a long talk about Jolly's wish to join the church on the following Sabbath, and Mr Murray spoke so kindly to him, telling him of the trials and difficulties which lay before him, yet cheering him on to undertake them all, and pointing him to the Saviour for help and strength, that by the time they reached home again Jolly's heart was all a-glow with joy and hope. And he had obtained one favour which he longed for, yet scarcely felt it right to ask. Mr Murray had promised that he would remain at Salem until Monday in order to be with him at his first Communion.

"Jolly," said he, as they neared the house, "what is your full name?"

"I have only the two, sir, which you know; James Howe."

"How would you like to take my name when you are baptized, and call yourself James Murray Howe?"

"Oh, Mr Murray!" exclaimed the boy. He did not

say whether he would like it, but I do not think that his friend needed any further answer.

XV.

THE FIRST COMMUNION.

It is very quiet around the farm. The twittering of the birds as they hop from spray to spray, the gurgling of the brook and the gentle rustling of the leaves are the only sounds which disturb the stillness. Even the lambs in the meadow seem to feel the holy quiet of the Sabbath morning, and the cattle grazing on the hill move gently and soberly, the bells upon their necks tinkling with a low, sweet sound which makes one think of rest and peace. The farm-house is closed. Two hours ago, quick steps were moving too and fro, voices were sounding through the rooms, and there was a flitting here and there of busy figures doing the little that was to be done of necessary work before they left the house. But now there is no one to be found there, for they are all sitting in the village church.

That holy quiet which rests upon the farm seems to have found its way here. An unusual stillness fills the church as the minister offers up his earnest prayers, and then, choosing for his text that precious verse which says, "He shall gather the lambs with His arm, and carry them in His bosom," tells to the listening people the story of the Saviour's love for His young disciples. It seems to Jolly, as he sits there with his dark eyes fixed on Mr Palmer's face, that that sermon was written expressly for him ; it is the very story of *the love* which has guided him so tenderly and faithfully. It is strange to watch those two young faces *as Jolly and Katy sit there, side by side, both so happy, yet so different in their expression.* The boy's

face wears a look of perfect peace and rest. He has been through a hard battle, and has come off victor. Still the thought of the battles yet to be fought makes his brow serious. But the little child beside him has never met the enemy in his strength, and the gladness which swells up in her heart as she says to herself that she is one of Jesus' lambs, shines out in her sparkling eyes. She is too young to think of conflict yet; it is enough that she should know that she belongs to Him who has said, "Suffer the little children to come unto me."

After the sermon the minister comes down from the pulpit, and asks those who wish to be baptized to come forward. Jolly walks up the aisle with a firm step, and answers the solemn questions in a low, clear voice, which can be heard all through the silent church.

When he returns to the pew, after baptism, Mr Murray, who is sitting at the door, rises to let him in; and when he sits down beside him takes his hand in his; the warm, earnest grasp in which he holds it seeming to Jolly like the seal of a new covenant between them. So they sit together, hand in hand; the man who for long years has served his Master with all his strength, and the boy who by his efforts has been led into that same blessed service, while from the heart of each there goes up to that Master an earnest prayer for a blessing upon the other.

By and by they pass up together to the table. As the consecrated bread and wine touch the boy's lips, such a sense of the love of his Saviour fills his heart that it seems to sweep away all other thoughts. He forgets Mr Murray, Katy, every one, in the consciousness of the presence and love of his Master. He is lost to all around him until Mr Murray touches him and says that they must return to their own pew to make room for others.

After supper that evening, Miss Murray was sitting by the window with Katy on her lap, when Jolly came into the room. He had been out with Mr Murray.

having a long walk and an earnest talk with him. These dear friends were to leave their children, as they called them, the next day; and Mr Murray had much to say to his namesake before he left, for he did not expect to see him again for many months.

A great deal had been talked over and decided upon between the day of the pic-nic at the Falls and this Sabbath. Jolly had made up his mind to take Mr Murray's advice and become a farmer, and Mr West had offered him a home and fair wages. Mrs Hines had agreed to consent to a plan which her brother had been urging upon her all through her visit, and to make her home with him.

"I don't see," said Mr West, as they were talking the matter over, "how you can think of taking that child back to the city when you see what a change this country air has made in her, besides, it would break the hearts of those two, Jolly and Katy, to part them."

So at last Mrs Hines had yielded.

"Well, Jolly," said Miss Murray holding out her hand to him as he entered the room, "we shall not see you in New York this winter."

"No, ma'am, I think not," said Jolly. "I think that Katy and I will be better here than there. There if nothing but yourselves to draw us to New York."

"And the Sunday-school," suggested Katy.

"Yes, the Sunday-school."

"And Peggy! Oh, dear! What will poor Peggy do? We promised to take her back to live with us next winter; and Katy looked from Miss Murray to Jolly, and from Jolly back to Miss Murray with a face of great distress.

"Why, it seems that you have a good many ties in New York, after all," said Miss Murray, smiling. "Would you like to go back?"

"And leave Jolly here?" asked Katy.

"Yes, leave him here, and come to live with me." Katy looked at her for a moment without speaking.

then she put her arms around her neck and whispered, "Dear Miss Murray, I do love you a whole heartful, and I'm your own little girl, but Jolly—I—I——"

"You think you couldn't leave Jolly?"

"Oh, no, I couldn't live without him!"

"You mustn't feel so, Katy darling," said Jolly, anxiously; "God might think it best to part us. He might take me away."

"I don't believe he would," said Katy, looking up at him. "I think if God takes you to heaven He'll take me too, because He knows I could not live without my Jolly."

"Dear little Katy!" and the boy bent over her and stroked her soft cheek lovingly."

Just then Mr Murray came in to propose that they should have some music, and they spent the rest of that last Sabbath evening in singing sweet hymns, which told of the love of that Saviour who had led these two wandering lambs into His own safe fold.

XVI.

THE FIRE.

"FRANK," said Dick, as they lay in bed that night, "I suppose that it's rather wicked to say so, but I'm afraid that all this religion will spoil Jolly."

The boys were alone. Jack, the black pony, was very sick from the effects of his fall, and Jolly had insisted upon sleeping in the hay-loft over the stable to take care of him.

"How do you mean, Dick?" said Frank. "How can that spoil him?"

"Why, I don't believe he'll be so full of fun. He'll be getting so prosy and solemn."

"I don't think so, Dick. I believe Jolly always has been religious since we knew him."

"Oh, yes, I know he has ; but then he hadn't joined the church. Now he'll be thinking that everything we do is wrong, and there won't be a bit more fun."

"That's a mistake, Dick. Look at father and aunt Mary ; they are not prosy and solemn, are they ?"

"No, but they are old people, and they don't do so. But there is Tom Gracie ; he is a perfect pest. He's always running after me when I go down to the village to tell me that this thing is wrong and that thing is wrong ; and advising me to read this sermon and that book, till I'm fairly ready to run when I see him coming."

"I know all that. But you must remember that Tom always was a meddling kind of a fellow. I think he means to do right, but father says he overdoes the matter. You know when a fellow professes to be a Christian he don't mean to say he's perfect, he only promises to try to be as good as he can. I'm sure that Jolly will make a real, earnest worker, but he won't be like poor Tom Gracie ; he'll know better how to go about it. He'll *live* his religion quite as much as he'll *talk* it. By the way, Dick, old fellow."

Dick sat up straight in the bed ; something in Frank's voice startled him.

"I say, old fellow," Frank went on, "I've been wanting to speak about this for a long while, but somehow I couldn't do it. I begin to think, Dicky, that you and I ought to be different kind of fellows. Here's this boy who had never heard of anything good a year ago, coming out and promising to serve God for the rest of his life, and you and I who have been hearing the same story, which made a Christian of him, for fourteen and sixteen years haven't paid any heed to it yet."

"Has Jolly been talking to you about it, Frank ?"

"No, no more than he has said to both of us, but *that set me thinking*. I believe Katy has had as much *to do with it* as he has. That way she has of saying '*my Jesus*' is so sweet. It always appeared to me as

if God was so far off somehow, but she seems to feel that He is close by her. Last night she was sitting on my knee, and all of a sudden she says, looking right up into my face, 'Frankie, is my Jesus your Jesus too?'

"I couldn't think what to say. I didn't dare to tell her, 'Yes;' and I couldn't bear to say, 'No;,' so I never said a word. She just looked at me for a minute, and then the tears came into her eyes, and she said very sorrowfully, 'Oh, my poor Frankie hasn't got any Jesus!'"

Frank paused, but Dick did not answer.

"Suppose we make up our minds to think seriously about it," Frank went on. "We are old enough now to decide for ourselves. Shall we agree to think of it all this week, and tell one another next Sunday night what comes of it? What do you say, old fellow?"

"I'll do it," said Dick, after a long pause.

Frank was satisfied. Dick was a blunt, rough sort of a boy, rather obstinate and hard to convince; but he was thoroughly honest, and Frank knew that his promise would be faithfully kept. He was sure that he would think the question over carefully. So he bade him good-night, and in five minutes they were both asleep.

Frank was wakened some time after by hearing Dick say in a loud voice, "What's that?"

"What's what?" asked he sleepily. But the next moment his eyes were wide open and he had sprung out of bed, for a bright light filled the room.

"It's the stable!" cried Dick. "It's on fire!" And crying, "Fire," at the top of their strong, young voices, the boys threw on their clothes and rushed down stairs. Their father and Mr Murray met them at the door, and they all ran out together, shouting "Fire!" as they went.

It was the barn, not the stable, which was in flames, and the fire had made such headway that little could be done to stay it there, although they hoped to be

able to save the other buildings. But where was Jolly?

He was not in the stable, and although his name echoed again and again on the night air he did not answer. Already a line of men who had rushed from the neighbouring farms, had formed from the barn to the brook and were passing pails of water to throw upon the fire, while the shout of "Jolly! Jolly!" went up again and again.

Meanwhile Jolly was in the barn. The rats in the stable had disturbed him, and finding that Jack was very quiet he had gone into the barn and mounting to the granary, had fallen asleep there. After a time a sound of shouting and hallooing mixed with his dreams. He opened his eyes, but a dull, heavy pain in his head made him close them again. Again that shout struck on his ear. Were they calling him? Yes, surely that was his name. He tried to call back, but his voice seemed to make no sound; and now for the first time he felt that he was enveloped in smoke and that it was suffocating him. He staggered to his feet, and tried to grope his way to the ladder by which he had come up, but when he reached the place the ladder was gone, and looking down he could see it burning on the barn floor. All beneath him was a sea of fire; and the grain beside him was burning with a smouldering flame, sending forth a dense smoke which blinded and choked him. He tried feebly to gain the window. To reach it he must pass through the flames at one point; but anything, anything for a little air!

At last with blistered feet and hands he gained it. The men below saw him. A cry of joy rang out loud and clear, and the next moment twenty men were beneath the window calling out to him to jump for *his life*, for the floor was sinking. Jolly put his hand *upon the window*, but at that moment a cloud of *smoke* swept across it, and staggering back *confused and blinded* he lost his hold.

He groped about feeling for the window again, but he could not find it. He heard the shouts of the men below, and even distinguished Katy's voice crying out, "Oh, my Jolly! My Jolly!" The smoke closed in around him closer and closer shutting out every breath of air, and with a confused idea of asking God to take care of his darling he tried to kneel. But his strength failed him, and he fell, face downward, insensible upon the floor.

When Jolly appeared at the window there had been an instant rush to help him. No ladder could stand against the burning building, the fire on the lower floor raged too furiously; so the men had urged him to throw himself into their arms. But when that cloud of smoke had hidden him from their sight a cry of horror went up from the terrified crowd, for his death seemed certain. There was no way of reaching him which had not already been tried, for Mr West had feared when they failed to find him in any of the farm-buildings that he was in the granary, and every effort had been made to reach it; but in vain.

Sam Burke was there, rushing from place to place, one of the most anxious of them all; his newly-born friendship for Jolly seemed to have ripened into real love now that he was in such terrible danger. When little Katy's cry, "Oh, my Jolly! My Jolly!" broke out as she saw him disappear from the window Sam darted forward, shouting:

"If there are two men here who will hold that ladder I will mount it and save him!"

"Too late! Too late!" cried a score of voices. "You will only throw away your own life!"

"You are cowards!" shouted Sam. "Will no one hold it?"

Mr West and Mr Murray sprang forward; two or three others followed, and the ladder was raised on the shoulders of the tallest. Frank and his father both wanted to mount it.

"No," said Sam, "I am the lightest, I will go. Mr

West, if I don't come back tell my mother who I died for."

This he said as he sprang up the ladder, the next moment he had dashed into the cloud of smoke and flame.

Two men, Mr Murray and Mr White, held the lower end of the ladder on their shoulders, while two more kept it in its position against the window by means of long poles. The work was terrible. The flames crept up around their feet in spite of the water which was thrown upon them as fast as possible; and the heat from the burning building scorched their faces and blistered their hands. But they bore it nobly, no one stirred from his painful position.

All at once Katy gave a sharp, loud scream, and the eager eyes fixed on that burning window saw Sam beating back the smoke with one hand while with the other he held Jolly. The boy's strength was almost gone, and Jolly hung upon him, a dead weight. Mr Murray, glancing up, saw that he could never descend with his burden, and calling for some one to take his place he transferred the ladder to the shoulder of a tall man who came forward, and sprang up to the window. He was but just in time, for Sam was sinking. Mr Murray caught him by his coat-collar and supported him, while with the other hand he dragged Jolly out of the suffocating smoke.

"Catch him!" he shouted. "I cannot come down!"

A dozen pairs of arms were lifted, and the next moment, Jolly lay upon the green grass safe.

Mr Murray dropped Sam down to them in the same way, the hungry flames rushing out after him as he went; and then he jumped from the ladder himself, calling out to those who held it to fly, for the wall was falling. His weight had been too much for the tottering frame-work. As he bent to throw Sam into the strong arms which waited for him he felt the wall sway beneath his grasp, and even as he sprang from it, the ladder falling with a crash as he did so, the trembling

fabric swayed violently inward and fell heavily into the very heart of the fire.

But who cared for falling walls when the boy and his preserver lay together upon the cool grass, rods away!

The fresh air soon revived Sam, and before long even Jolly looked up and recognised the little, pale face that watched him so anxiously. But he took no notice of any one else.

XVII.

DICK'S MISTAKE.

WHEN Jolly woke from the heavy sleep into which he fell after his burns had been dressed, and he had been comfortably settled in bed, he felt quite refreshed; and when he found that the Murrays had not yet left the house, he felt better still. Mr Murray had determined to remain until the next day, partly because he did not feel willing to leave without knowing whether Jolly was likely to be ill, and partly because he was suffering very much from his hands, which were badly burned.

The farm-house looked like an hospital that day. Mr West had insisted upon keeping Sam there, and his hands also having been severely burned, there were two helpless ones to be cared for beside Jolly, whose feet had suffered so terribly while he lay insensible upon the floor, that the doctor feared that it might be weeks before he could walk again.

After dinner Jolly had quite a little gathering in his sick-room. Mr and Miss Murray, Mrs Hines, Katy, and Sam were all there, chatting away so merrily that he almost forgot his pain, and said that he did not believe that he should find it so very dull to be shut up for two or three weeks, after all. It seemed very

pleasant to lie there and have them all waiting on him and petting him. It was the first time that he had ever been sick enough to lie in bed and be taken care of, and he did not find it at all disagreeable that first day. Miss Murray read to him for a while, and then her brother told him how he had once been on a steamer which took fire, and what a narrow escape he had had, having floated on a spar until he was picked up by a passing vessel. And then Jolly had to tell all that he could remember of the fire. That was very little to be sure, but they were all very much interested in the account. As for Sam, he had not much to say on the subject now, but he had had a long talk alone with Jolly before dinner. No one knew what had passed between them; but from that day James Murray, as they were already beginning to call him, and Sam Burke were sworn friends.

Toward evening Mr West and the boys came into the parlour, which had been given up to Jolly. It had been a busy day with them, and they had not been able to join "the little party of invalids," as Miss Murray called it. But now the day's work was done, and they came in to rest and enjoy themselves. After a while the circle broke up, for all were tired. Mrs Hines had gone to put Katy to bed, and Frank and Dick were left with Jolly.

"Dick," said Jolly, "suppose you read something."

"Well," said Dick, "I will. What shall I read? Would you like Baxter's 'Saint's Rest.'"

Jolly looked very much inclined to laugh, but he saw that Dick was in earnest, so he said as gravely as he could—

"No, Dicky, I don't fancy that, particularly."

"He wants something to make him forget his pain," said Frank, "get Pickwick."

"Pickwick!" repeated Dick in amazement. "He won't want that."

"Why not, old fellow?" asked Jolly, "I always was fond of it, you know."

"Yes, you used to be, but then—I didn't think you would want it now."

"Why not, Dick? I am just the same fellow I used to be. Do you think I ought to be different?"

"No, but I supposed you would be."

"Come, sit down here, and let us talk about it," said Jolly. He sat down on the edge of the bed; Frank drew his chair a little closer; and poor Pickwick lay on the bookshelf, forgotten.

"Did you think, Dick, that when I joined the church I should be a different boy? Did you think that you wouldn't like me so well as you had?"

"Well, yes," said Dick. "I supposed you'd be getting kind of glum and mopy."

"Why should I? What should make me glum and mopy? Surely not the thought that I was bound to my Saviour more closely than I had been before. Why, Dicky, I never was so joyful in my life as I was last night. Mopy! I feel as if there were no such word. No one in the world has so little right to be dull as a Christian."

"Well," said Dick, "I don't know how that is; it always seemed to me that when a fellow became a Christian, he must give up all his fun."

"Why should he? The Bible doesn't tell him he must."

"I know that; but then I should think it would take all the fun out of him."

"Dick, suppose we boys were going out nutting, and your father and Mr Murray told us they would go with us, would that take the fun out of you?"

"No, I'd expect to have all the better time."

"Why?"

"Because I love them and I like to be with them."

"That's just the way it is with me. When I am going anywhere, whether it is to church or on a frolic, I feel that God goes with me, and I know that I shall have a good time because I love Him and like to be with Him."

"I never thought of that before," said Dick.

"I'll tell you what I think is your trouble, Dicky. You look upon loving God and trying to serve Him as a duty. You never think of it as a joy and comfort to yourself. Jesus Christ doesn't say you must love me, but He stretches out His hands to us and says, 'Come unto me.' And if we obey and go to Him, He doesn't say, 'Now go and work; give up all your pleasures, all your enjoyments, and use your whole time in hard labour for me.' He only says, 'Thy sins be forgiven thee; go in peace.'"

"Jolly," said Frank, "how do you come to know so much about this? I have been hearing of the Saviour for sixteen years, and I never learned so much as you seem to have learned in the one year that you have known of Him."

"I can't tell how it is, Frank. I don't feel as if I did know very much. Mr Murray has taught me almost all I know, and he never said a word about my duty until he had shown me how the Saviour loved me. In fact, I don't think I ever thought anything about the *duty* of loving Christ. I found out how good He was, and then I suppose it just came of itself. I couldn't help it any more than I could help loving Mr Murray."

"Do you mean to say," said Frank, "that you only serve God because you like to?—that you are always inclined to do what is right."

"Oh, no! I am often tempted to do wrong. Sometimes I have to fight very hard, and sometimes I yield shamefully, as you know. There is hard, hard work to be done once in a while; but then the Master whom we serve is strong enough to help us, and He will carry us safely through."

"But, Jolly," said Dick, "I never heard any one *talk just as you do*. You say that you never thought *about the duty* of loving God, and everybody else who *has talked to me about it* says it is my first great *duty*."

"So it is. Suppose Mr Murray came to you and told you it was your duty to love your father, you would say, of course it is. But what is the use of telling me I *ought* to love my father; I can't help it if I would. Just so it is with God. It is my duty to love Him; but I could not help it if I would; and it is the same thing with serving our earthly and our heavenly Father. You generally like to do what your father wants you to do, but sometimes you prefer your own way. And if you take your own way and disobey him you are always very sorry for it afterwards. So it is with those who try to serve God. Generally they like to do as He wishes; but sometimes they want to please themselves; and oh, how sorry they always are if they do disobey Him. But if they do fail sometimes, that doesn't show that they don't love Him. He will forgive them and give them more strength, just as your father forgives you when you have done wrong. In fact, Dicky, God is just like another father, except that He is more forgiving, more loving and more able to help us."

Dick did not answer. He had never thought of all this before. All his life long he had been told that God was his Father and that he owed Him his love and service; but he had never thought of taking the great God of heaven to his heart, as his own peculiar friend, to find comfort and delight in thinking of and speaking with Him. "I ought to love God," he had said to himself again and again, for Dicky had his thoughtful hours as well as boys of a more serious turn of mind. "I want to love God," had never been the wish of his heart; the thought always came up as a matter of duty. But Jolly had set him thinking, and thrown a new light upon the question. After all, was it such a hard matter, this loving God? Jolly did not seem to think so.

Turning suddenly toward him, he said in his usual abrupt manner, "What did Mr Murray say to you that made you love God?"

"He told me of our Saviour's life and death. I would not believe it at first. It seemed to me so strange a story that I could not believe it. But by and by God made me feel that it was true; and then it was that I began to love Him."

"And have you obeyed Him ever since?"

"I have tried to, but it has been very hard sometimes; harder for me than it can ever be for you, for I was not brought up as you have been; I was a very wicked boy. I had so many bad habits to break myself of that it seemed as if there were no end to my difficulties; but I had Mr Murray and aunty to help me here, and my Saviour up there," and Jolly glanced toward the sky.

"And did you never get discouraged?"

"A little sometimes; but I never felt very bad about it, either. Mr Murray told me when I began that I must not expect to do the work all at once, that I must expect to get along rather slowly at first. And then there was one thing that I felt very sure of; I knew that if Jesus loved me enough to die for me, He loved me too well to let me sink after He had once put out His hand to save me. I felt sure of that, so I was never very much discouraged even when I had done things which were wrong. I knew that Jesus would forgive me and help me to do better the next time if I were really sorry, and tried my best to do right. You know, Dicky, if your father took a little heathen boy into his house to bring up he wouldn't expect him to be obedient as you are, right away, would he?"

"No, I suppose not."

"Well, it's just so with God. When He takes us into His family He don't expect us to be perfectly good right away; He only wants us to be as good as we can. That's what Mr Murray says about it."

Just then there was a knock at the door, and Mrs Hines came in with Katy in her arms. The child was in her white night-dress, and her little bare feet were

peeping out beneath it ; her hair was all in disorder, and there were tears on her face.

"This poor little girl waked up in a fright, dreaming that her Jolly was in danger again," said aunty, "and I had to bring her in to let her see for herself that he was quite safe."

"Come here, pet," said Jolly.

Mrs Hines put her down beside him on the bed. She crept up close to him and laid her head upon his breast.

"What are you all looking so serious about?" said Mrs Hines.

"We were talking of loving God," said Dick, gravely.

"And what did you think of it, Dicky?" asked his aunt, laying her hand on his head.

"Oh, I know that I ought to love Him; but then"——

"That's the trouble," said Jolly. "You always think '*I ought!*' Katy, go and tell Dicky what makes you love Jesus."

She crept across the bed to where the boy sat on the opposite side, and seated herself on his lap.

"Did you want to know what makes me love my Jesus?" she said, looking up into his face with her deep blue eyes. "Why, Dicky dear, He died for me."

She paused a moment as if she thought that she need say no more than that. Then she added, speaking very softly, "Look up at the sky, Dicky. See how bright it is. Jesus lives there, but He left His home and came down here and died for me. He gave Himself for me, little me, and so He's mine; and yours too, Dicky. Oh, don't you love Him?"

The little room was very still.

Katy put her arms around the boy's neck and laid her cheeks to his. "Please, Dicky, do love my Jesus."

"Oh, Katy, I wish I could!" said poor Dick. "I don't know how!"

"He'll show you. Let's ask Him?"

In a moment she was kneeling on the bed, and

almost without knowing what he was doing Dick knelt down upon the floor.

"Dear Jesus," said little Katy's low, solemn voice, "Dicky wants to love you. Show him how, and make him just as glad as he can be."

When Katy turned back Dick had gone away.

"Come, darling," said aunty, "Jolly ought to be asleep. Bid him good-night."

"Good-night, little comforter," said Jolly, kissing the sweet, thoughtful face.

Then aunty carried her away, but soon came back to see that Jolly was made easy for the night.

XVIII

THE DEPARTURE

JOLLY had had strong hopes that when Tuesday morning came his friends might be persuaded to remain at the farm at least one day longer, but he was disappointed. Mr Murray said that their visit had already occupied more time than he could well spare, and it was quite impossible for him to lengthen it. So the two dear friends bade them all good-bye, and the pleasant little visit was at an end.

Poor Katy cried as if her heart would break when Miss Murray gave her the last kiss; and, to tell the truth, Jolly was almost ready to follow her example. As Mr Murray bent over his bed to speak a few parting words, Jolly raised his head and whispered something to him.

"Is he going down with us!" asked Mr Murray, in a low voice.

"Yes, I asked his father to take him along."

Mr Murray nodded, and then saying playfully that *they could not shake hands they must do something*

peeping out beneath it ; her hair was all in disorder, and there were tears on her face.

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"What are you all looking so serious about?" said Mrs Hines.

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"And what did you think of it, Dicky?" asked his aunt, laying her hand on his head.

"Oh, I know that I ought to love Him; but then"——

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The little room was very still.

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"Oh, Katy, I wish I could!" said poor Dick. "I don't know how!"

"*He'll show you. Let's ask Him!*"

In a moment she was kneeling on the bed, and
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trouble? Let me tell you what I think it is. I think that you are looking for a friend, 'a friend that sticketh closer than a brother,' and that you have not yet found Him. Is that so?"

"Yes," said Dick, with a great effort, "that's just it. I don't know how it is, Mr Murray. I know I ought to love God, but something is wrong with me, and I don't know what it is."

"Shall I tell you what I think it is, Dicky? You are too proud."

The boy looked up in astonishment. "Too proud?" he repeated, "too proud? Why, Mr Murray, you don't know at all how I feel. Proud! why, I feel perfectly miserable! I'm not fit to be a Christian. I only wish that there was anything that I could do to show God how willing I am to serve Him; I'd do it in a minute. If He should come to me now and tell me that if I'd walk through that forge-fire over there He'd save me, I wouldn't wait a second to think about it: I'd do it right off."

"I know that, Dick, and that is just why I say you are too proud. You want to do something yourself. But, my boy, there is nothing left for you to do. Jesus did it all. All you have to do is to trust to Him. He has bought salvation for you; can't you trust Him without trying to add something more to His work? Jesus Christ has died for you; your sins may all be washed away in His blood. They are weighing upon you and making you miserable, and instead of taking them to Him, you want to do something first to show Him how willing you are to serve Him. The best way to show Him that you are willing to serve Him is to obey His command. He says, 'Come unto me,' and you will not come. You say, 'No, wait until I can do something for God.' Will that something be worth more to God than the death of His dear Son?"

"Oh, Mr Murray, I didn't mean that."

"Wait a moment, Dick. You said just now that if

God told you to walk through that fire, you would do it. He does say, 'Come unto me;' but that seems too little for you to do. Is not that so?"

Dick made no answer.

"Do you remember," said Mr Murray, "the story of the man whom the prophet sent to wash in the river Jordan, that he might be cleansed from his leprosy? He thought that that was too small a thing for him to do, and in his pride and foolishness he was going back to his own country with his terrible disease still clinging to him; but a friend, wiser than he, persuaded him to obey the prophet's command. He went and washed in the stream, and 'his flesh came again as the flesh of a little child.' I think that Naaman the Syrian and Dicky West are very much alike. Here is Dicky West wearied out with this disease of sin; restless and unhappy he is looking for a cure, and the gentle voice of his Saviour whispers to him, 'Come, and I will wash away your sin in my blood.' But he says, 'No, that is too small a thing to do;' and so he goes on bearing this plague with him, when, if he would only wash in this Jordan, his heart would come again like the heart of a little child."

Just then the whistle of the coming train sounded shrilly through the air, and Mr West, coming out from the waiting-room, called to Mr Murray.

"Yes, sir, in one moment! Now, Dicky, don't try to work for yourself any longer; remember that the work is all done. Jesus did it all, and you must trust yourself to Him. When you go home ask Jolly to tell you the story of little Elah. And now God help you, my boy, and guide you into light and peace."

The next moment the train dashed up to the dépôt, and he was gone. As the cars started, he leaned out from the window and with a bright smile on his face waved his hand to Dick, and pointed upwards. The boy smiled and waved his hand in return, and so they parted.

"What were you and Mr Murray talking about so earnestly?" asked Mr West, as they drove slowly homeward.

Dick hesitated, and his father looking at him, guessed what was passing through his mind, for he had already suspected Jolly's reason for wishing that Dick should go down to the village with his friends.

"Are you trying to find your way out of the wilderness, sonny?" The old man's voice trembled a little as he spoke. Dick looked up hastily.

"Yes, father," he said, very softly.

"And you haven't found the light yet, eh, my boy?"

"No, father, not yet."

"Poor little fellow!" and the father's hand rested lovingly on the boy's arm. "Poor little fellow! May the blessed Master lead you safely. He is a good guide, Dicky. All you have to do is to trust yourself to Him."

"That's just what Mr Murray said," thought Dick, though he did not speak; and the ride home was a very silent one. Mr West knew that Mr Murray was a very good teacher and he thought it best to say no more. But as they went to the house together after putting up the horses, he said gently:

"My boy knows how glad his father will be to help him if he can do so."

When Dick went into Jolly's room he found Katy in quite a different mood from that in which he had left her. When he saw her last she was standing at the gate with her face all wet with tears, crying out, "Good-bye, dear, dear Miss Murray!" in the most mournful little voice that could be imagined. Now, she was sitting on Jolly's bed with a plate of rennet-custard in her hand, feeding her boy, (or rather, trying to feed him,) for poor Jolly could not even do that for *himself*. Fortunately he was not very hungry; if he *had been* so he would have been in some danger of *starving*, for Katy was not very successful in carrying *the* custard from the plate to his mouth. As fast as

she took a little up in the spoon, slip it would go, either over into the plate again or down upon the towel which aunty had spread over the counterpane. She had a hard time of it from the first, and her many fruitless efforts had amused them both so much that they were laughing heartily, and that made it worse than ever.

"Oh, Dick!" cried Katy, as he entered the room, "this is so dreadful slippery!"

"What have you got there?" asked Dick.

"Custard, rennet-custard; and it will go on the bed; it won't go in Jolly's mouth."

"That's rather tough for Jolly," said Dick. "Shall I try what I can do?"

Katy did not say no; but she looked very unwilling to give up her place.

"Aunty wanted to give it to me," said Jolly, "but Katy felt so disappointed about it that I couldn't bear to send her away. She does pretty well."

"I guess Dick will do pretty better," said Katy.

"I don't want to be a selfish girl. Here, Dick, come and take it."

"That's a good little princess," said Dick. "Now let's see."

He lifted a large piece of custard in the spoon, but he moved a little too quickly, and down it went over the side of the spoon, right upon the bed.

"Oh, look, look!" cried Katy; and clasping her hands together she danced around the floor, saying, "You didn't do it pretty better after all! You didn't do it pretty better after all!" while Jolly laughed and laughed until the tears ran down his face.

"What a stupid I am," said Dick, in a vexed tone. But he could not help laughing to hear the others, while he tried to repair the damage he had done.

He lifted the towel carefully away, and wiping up the custard which had been spilt both by Katy and himself, brought a clean cloth, and spreading it smoothly over the bed, tried again. This time he

was more gentle in his motions, and Jolly ate his custard very comfortably, in spite of Katy's mischievous attempts to shake Dick's arm. She was in a real romping mood, and as full of mischief as she could hold, but Dick managed to keep her off until Jolly's meal was over. Then she had a fine play with him until dinner-time; a play which sent her to the table with cheeks so bright and red that Frank insisted that she had been painting them, and pretended to be unwilling to take the kiss which he always stole before he went to the field. He changed his mind, however, before he left the house, as Katy knew he would do.

XIX.

JOLLY'S STORY.

MR WEST and Mrs Hines left the boys that evening soon after Katy had been put to bed. They were both very tired, and as Jolly was pretty comfortable they went to their own rooms.

"Jolly," said Dick, soon after they had gone, "do you feel like talking, or like keeping still?"

"Like talking," said Jolly. "I feel bright as a button to-night."

"Did you ever hear a story of a boy named Elah?"

"Yes. I've read it over and over again. Why! Have you seen it?"

"No, but"—— Dick hesitated.

"Well, what? Do you want to read it?"

"Mr Murray was speaking of it this morning. He told me to ask you to tell it to me. Would you mind doing it? Do you feel well enough?"

"Yes. Come and sit here on the bed so that I need not talk loud enough to disturb Frank."

Frank was sitting beside the table with a little book in his hand. He closed it as Jolly spoke, and said,

"You will not disturb me. I should like to hear the story."

"What were you reading?" asked Jolly.

"This little book of yours. 'Hymns from the land of Luther. I was just looking at this verse,—

'Return, return!
Poor, long lost wanderer, home!
With all thy bitter tears,
Thy heavy burdens, come!
As thou art all sin and pain,
Fear not to implore in vain:
See the Father comes to meet thee,
Points to mercy's open door;
Words of life and promise greet thee—
Ah! return, delay no more!'"

"There are beautiful hymns in that book," said Jolly.

Dick said nothing, but two lips in that sweet verse seemed to ring in his ears,

"As thou art all sin and pain,
Fear not to implore in vain."

He sat down on the side of the bed, and Jolly began.

"I shall tell you the story as nearly in the words of the book as I can remember them, and I think I know them pretty well, for I have read it very often. Far away in the East there lies a fair land, the domain of a great and powerful king. This king was a good and kind ruler, but the people of the land had revolted against him, and given themselves up to all manner of evil.

"One morning when the sun shone brightly upon this land, a child sat beneath the shadow of a great tree, sad and distressed. The glorious sun and the gay flowers had no charm for him, for he was in sore trouble. A message had come from the great king to the people telling them that there was in store for them sorrow and pain, sore punishment for their re-

bellion against him. The people knew that they were powerless to resist him, and many were in deep distress and fear. Some, however, made light of it, and went about their daily toils saying that the king would not come yet to fulfil his threats, and that they would enjoy life while they might. Others said that they did not fear him; and others still, that he was too merciful to punish the wicked.

"But Elah, the little boy who sat beneath the tree, knew that the king had never broken his word, and he was very anxious. As he sat there mournful and sad, he felt a light touch upon his shoulder, and looking up he saw a Being clothed all in white, with a bright, shining face, and a glory about his head. Elah rose and bowed himself to the ground, for he knew that this must be a messenger from the great king. His heart sank within him, and his knees smote together. But the angel looked kindly upon him, and said:

"'Fear not, Elah, for the king hath sent me unto thee in mercy. He bids thee come to him, even now.'

"'To come to him!' repeated Elah, in astonishment. 'Would you have me to go to the palace of the king?'

"'That is his command.'

"'But we are rebels,' said Elah. 'My father's house revolted against the king; and even I have rebelled. Young as I am, I have disobeyed his commands and refused to serve him. Surely he would not suffer me to enter his palace. He has said that he will sorely punish all such as sin against him.'

"'But hast thou not heard his offer of mercy? Hast thou not heard that the king's son has suffered for the guilty? The word went forth, "The soul that sinneth, it shall die," but as a ransom has been offered, *the king's son* has himself borne the penalty; he has *paid all the debt*; and now he bids thee come unto *him*.'

"'But I am not fit,' said Elah, looking down upon

his ragged clothes. 'How can I go to the palace as I am?'

"The king's son has provided for thee garments white and fair. Up! Up! Be on thy way!"

"But the way is long. The palace is afar off, and the road lies through forests where wild beasts roam. I shall be lost in the wilderness, or die of hunger and thirst."

"Nay, but thou shalt be fed. Thou shalt eat of the bread of life, and drink of the fountain of living waters. And see, the king has sent unto thee this little book. It will tell thee of all the dangers which lie in thy path, and show thee how to escape them. And there shall go with thee a guide. See."

"Elah looked, and there stood behind him an angel clothed in white, like unto him with whom he talked. But beside the angel there stood another figure in dark raiment."

"And who is this?" asked Elah.

"This is one who would lead thee away from the palace; who would do thee harm. But listen not to his voice. Listen only to the words of him who will stand at thy right hand; he will guide thee safely through the narrow road. He is thy guardian, whom the king has sent unto thee. Up, and be on thy way; thy Prince waiteth for thee! Take in thy hand this thy guide-book, it will point out to thee the road. When thou art in doubt, open it, and a light shall shine from it to lead thee into the right path. On, Elah, on! "The Master is come and calleth for thee!"

"Then Elah turned to obey, and the brightest angel vanished from his sight; but turning his head he saw standing at his side the other holy Being, and as he glanced up into the fair face the angel smiled and said—

"Open thy book. It will show thee the right road."

"This is the pleasantest path," said a voice; and turning, Elah saw standing at his left hand the dark

spirit. As he spoke, he pointed to a path which ran near them, a broad smooth road, bordered with gay flowers and bright with the sweet sunlight. Elah turned toward it.

" 'Surely this must be the road, it is so beautiful,' said he, forgetting the warning which had been given him.

" 'Nay, nay. Open thy book,' whispered the fairer angel.

" Elah obeyed, and as he looked into the book he saw there the words written in shining letters, 'This is the way, walk ye in it;' and from those words there streamed forth a soft, silvery light which fell, not on the broad road, but on a narrow path which ran close beside it. There were but few flowers in this path. Here and there a white lily raised its head, and a little flower called heart's-ease was scattered all through it, but there were no gaily-coloured blossoms there. The light from the book fell very clearly on it, so Elah turned into it. To his surprise, the dark angel followed him.

" 'Will you, too, go to the palace?' asked the boy.

" 'I will follow thee, and be a friend unto thee,' said the spirit. 'But wilt thou dare to go into the palace? The king "taketh vengeance of all those that rise up against him," and thou hast rebelled.'

" Elah's cheek grew white, and he stood still in the path, afraid to go on.

" 'Nay, Elah, listen not to his words. See what thy Lord saith of himself;' and turning over the leaves of the book which the boy held in his hand, the fair angel showed unto him these words written in letters of gold, 'The Lord is merciful and gracious, slow to anger, and plenteous in mercy.'

" Elah's face grew bright again as he read, and he went on with a light step in the narrow path.

" For a long time he walked forward, happy in the thought of the joy which awaited him, and cheered at times by the sweet words of comfort which he found

in his guide-book. Here and there, all through the book, were promises and blessings strewed, like sweet-scented flowers, among the rules and orders which had been given by the king. These were Elah's joy, and when the dark angel tried to discourage him by pointing to the length of the journey and the dangers which threatened him, the friend who walked at his right hand would find for him a promise to suit his every need.

"But, by and by the road grew dark and dreary. He could no longer see to read his dear book, and his feet lagged wearily.

" 'See,' said the dark angel, 'how bright are the lights in the broad road. See those soft couches where the weary may repose. Come, let us join the gay crowd.'

"Elah looked wistfully toward the laughing, dancing multitude, and turned slowly, half reluctantly, in their direction.

" 'Elah, Elah!' whispered his friend, 'open thy book.'

" 'It is too dark to read it,' said the boy, still gazing at the sparkling light.

" 'The Lord is thy light.'

"But the dark angel's voice drowned the words of the other. 'Come, come, weary one! Come and rest in these fair bowers.'

"Elah followed him. Slowly he turned into the broad road, stopping now and then as if he would fain resist the tempter's voice, yet drawing nearer and nearer to the forbidden path, until at last, dazzled by its brilliancy and lured on by the gay sights and scenes, he found himself in the very midst of the multitude.

" 'Elah, Elah!' pleaded a gentle voice at his side. But it grew fainter and fainter as he became surrounded by the crowd of pleasure-seekers, and at last ceased entirely.

"On went the boy, culling the bright flowers, chasing the gay butterflies here and there, and mixing

all the amusements in which those around him spent their days ; looking for the pleasure which the tempter had promised him, but never finding it. The sweet scent of the flowers sickened him, the gorgeous butterflies eluded him ; he found no comfort, no lasting joy in anything ; and at last, wearied and worn out, he said to the dark angel—

“‘You have deceived me. Lead me back to the narrow path where I was at peace.’

“‘You are weary ; lie down here and rest,’ said his companion ; and as he spoke he pointed to a soft couch by the roadside.

“No, no ! I must go back !’

“The dark angel laughed a hard, cruel laugh. ‘Will you go back,’ he said. ‘Where is your guide now ? You have left him far behind.’

“Elah turned, but his friend was nowhere near. Again the laugh of the cruel tempter struck on his ear.

“‘Oh, what shall I do ?’ he cried, in his despair.

“‘Lie down and rest ; then we will find the way back,’ said the dark angel, changing his mocking tone to one of kindness.

“Elah hesitated. He longed to throw himself upon that soft bed, for he was sorely tired ; but he had heard that those who slept in the enemy’s country seldom waked again, and he feared. His trembling limbs could scarcely support him, and his aching eyes closed heavily even as he stood there.

“‘Come,’ said the tempter. As he spoke he drew him toward the couch, and almost before the boy knew which way his feet were tending, he had sunk upon it and was lost in sleep.

“How long he lay there he knew not, but he was roused by a loud voice, crying in his ear, ‘Awake, awake, thou that sleepest !’

“*Lifting his head he saw his guide and friend standing beside him. But he was not alone. Wild beasts of the forest were around him ; thousands of dark*

spirits, like unto him who had tempted him to leave the narrow way, encompassed him ; Elah shrank back in terror.

" 'Fly, fly for thy life !' cried the angel.

" 'Nay, but see the wild beasts in thy path ; thou shalt be torn limb from limb,' said another voice ; and glancing up, Elah saw the face of the tempter.

"For a moment he hesitated, but the angel raised him. 'Away, away !' he cried, 'while yet there is time for repentance ?'

"Elah sprang to his feet, but, oh, what a crowd surrounded him ! Where were all the gay people whom he had seen before he fell asleep ? Old, haggard faces stared at him, misery looked out at him from all those deep sunken eyes : the flowers were faded and dying, and the bright light had been followed by the darkness of night. With a cry of fear the boy stretched out his hand to his friend. The angel caught it and hurried him away. The wild beasts howled around him, and a hundred cruel hands tried to draw him back. Elah shook with fear.

" 'Cry unto thy Lord for help,' said the angel.

" 'Lord, save, or I perish !' cried Elah ; and the dark spirits all fled away, and the beasts with them, so that Elah and his guide were left alone.

"Slowly and sadly he went on his way, his little book, all torn and soiled, in his hand. He had opened it, but the light which streamed from it was dimmed, its pages were darkened, and Elah could scarcely see where the light fell. But he followed it as closely as he could, and at last with weary, aching limbs he stood again in the narrow path, travel-stained, weak, and worn.

" 'Poor child, poor child !' whispered a low voice in his ear.

"He turned his head and saw the dark angel again beside him.

" 'Will you never leave me ?' cried Elah.

" 'Nay, but I am thy friend, poor boy. It grieves

me to think to what thou art hastening. The king has said that guilt shall not go unpunished, and yet thou art on thy way to meet him, sin-stained and polluted.'

"Elah looked down upon his clothes. They were soiled with the dust of the broad road, and torn by the thorns and brambles which grew there.

"'The king's son will clothe thee in the glorious robe of his own righteousness,' whispered the bright angel.

"'But thou hast fallen away from him. He will no longer look on thee in love,' said the tempter.

"Elah stood still, and looked despairingly at his friend.

"'He will heal all thy backslidings,' was the gentle answer.

"'Wilt thou go to him under such a weight of sin?' said the dark angel. 'Will he welcome to his palace such a downcast, troubled one as thou?'

"'Come unto me all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest,' said the voice of his comforter.

"'Look into thine own heart,' whispered the tempter. 'See how full of all evil it is. Wait at least until thou hast made thyself more pure and fit for the eyes of the king.'

"'Yes,' said Elah, 'that is well. Let me wait until I can cleanse myself from these impurities. I will wash my garments. See, the palace gates are even now before me. I am not fit to go before the king.'

"'But the king says, "Come,"' whispered the angel. 'Thy pollution is all washed away in the blood of the sacrifice slain for thee. O Elah, Elah, thou canst never work out a righteousness for thyself! Wilt thou not trust to what the king's son hath done for thee? See!'

"He pointed forward, and Elah saw before him a cross reared upon the hill-top; and on that cross there hung 'One like unto the Son of God.' The heavens

were black above him, the earth trembled and shook ; and as Elah stood and gazed, awestruck, an exceeding bitter cry broke from the lips of him who hung upon that cross ; the forsaken of God.

" 'What wilt thou add to that ?' asked the angel in a low, solemn voice.

"Elah fell with his face to the ground, and when again he lifted his head the cross was no longer there ; but in its place there stood One with pierced hands and feet, who stretched forth his arms unto him, and said, in a sad, reproachful voice :—

" 'Ye will not come unto me that ye might have life.'

"And Elah fell upon his knees, and cried, 'Lord, what wilt thou have me to do ?'

"And his Lord answered, 'Believe, only believe !'

"Then Elah said, humbly, 'Lord I believe ; help thou mine unbelief !' and rising, he went on his way.

"At last he reached the gates of the palace, but even here the tempter was at his side. 'The king is a just judge, and thou hast deeply sinned. Wilt thou not fear to meet him ?'

" 'Nay, for Christ has died !' said Elah, boldly. 'I have an advocate with the Father.'

"The bright angel smiled, and as Elah stood at the palace gates, he whispered, 'Knock, and it shall be opened unto thee.'

"Then Elah lifted up his hand, and knocked. The gates were opened, and there, before them, with outstretched hand and smiling face, stood Him who had hung upon the cross. A glory shone about Him, and before Him the angels veiled their faces, crying, 'Holy, holy, holy !'

"As little Elah stood upon the threshold, the Lord came unto him and took him by the hand, saying unto him, 'Come ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you.'

"And the glory which shone around Him seemed to fall upon the child, changing his miserable attire

into garments white and fair ; and as the gates closed upon Elah the guardian angel turned away to lead some new wanderer back into the way of peace, saying, 'They which have believed do enter into rest.'

As Jolly paused, Dick rose from his seat upon the bed and walked over to the other side of the room. For a few moments he stood there silently, then bidding the other boys "good-night," he left them without one word of comment upon the story.

Frank still sat beside the bed after Dick had left the room. Jolly lay watching his face, wondering what his thoughts were.

"Well, Frank," he said, at last, "are you thinking about my story?"

"Yes," said Frank, "and Jolly, I have made up my mind that the narrow path is the best one for me, as well as for little Elah."

XX.

PEACE.

THE week proved a tedious one to Jolly. It was very pleasant for a day or two to be petted and waited on ; but, the novelty once worn off, he grew tired of it. He felt well and strong, fully able to do his share of work, and it was harder to lie there kept prisoner by his lame feet than if he had been really sick. He longed to be out in the open air, it seemed so close and confined shut up between four walls.

The boys went in to see him when they came home to dinner, and spent every evening in his room ; but *through* the day he was much of the time alone with *Katy*, Mrs Hines being in the kitchen, or attending to *some* of her household duties, and so the time hung *rather* heavily on his hands. He felt anxious, also, *about Dick*, wanting very much to speak to him ; but

the boy made it so evident that he did not choose to tell his thoughts that he did not dare to ask him any questions. Dick was not much of a talker, and seldom spoke of his own feelings in any way, and Jolly feared that if he pressed him for an answer to any of the questions which he longed to ask, he might do harm. So he wisely said nothing, but waited for Dick to speak first.

And that week was as long to poor Dick as it was to Jolly, for it was spent in hard painful thought. The dark spirit and the bright angel of Elah's story were struggling for the mastery over him, and he would yield to neither. He was not ready to make a bold stand for the right, and yet he was not willing to give himself up to the tempter and follow him into the broad road. Day after day passed on, and still he could not make up his mind to yield his stubborn will.

His father said but little to him. The watchful eye, the loving look, and the gentler tone of voice in which he spoke to him were the only signs which told that he knew of the boy's trouble, for Mr West, like Jolly, was afraid to urge Dick to confide in him, for he knew him well enough to feel sure that such a course would not answer, and so he waited patiently, putting up many an anxious prayer that the Saviour would send His Holy Spirit to guide the poor boy to peace and happiness.

Sunday morning dawned again, at last. There was no one to go to church that day except Mr West and his two boys; for Mrs Hines said that she should stay at home with Jolly, and as Katy was not very well she kept her with her.

Dick had hoped that when the Sabbath came he should feel better, that its holy quiet would help him to decide the question which so much troubled him. But he was disappointed. He rose spiritless and unhappy, with a feeling of impatience and irritability toward every one. He scarcely spoke at breakfast

and when they were on their way to church he sat as silent as if he were dumb. He felt as if Frank and his father were watching him, and he determined in an obstinate, stubborn spirit that they should not know how wretched he was. When he entered the church and sat down in the old familiar pew, with the old familiar faces all around him, the same feeling seemed to possess him; and when Mr Palmer rose in the pulpit Dick sat up straight in his seat and looked at him with a sort of defiance in his face, as if he thought, "You shall not influence me." He felt as if the minister must know all that was passing in his mind, and that he would preach *at him*. So he sat there as unhappy as any poor boy could well be until the text for the sermon was given out, "Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

Mr Palmer's deep voice spoke the words as if he felt that he was telling to those who listened to him the most blessed tidings which could be uttered. He paused for a moment, and then began his sermon by drawing a picture of the blind man to whom the multitude had told the glad news. He pictured the poor man sitting there in the bright sunlight, yet in black darkness, and as he heard the tramp of the coming crowd asking what it meant, and his joy and delight on hearing the answer, "Jesus of Nazareth passeth by." Then he told them how the blind man cried out, "Jesus, thou son of David, have mercy on me!" and spoke of the Saviour's tenderness and pity as He stood still beside him, and said, "What wilt thou that I shall do unto thee?" and in answer to his prayer gave him sight.

The story told, Mr Palmer stood for an instant looking down upon the earnest faces gazing up at him, and among them all he saw none so eager as Dick West's. *The minister* leaned forward over the pulpit, and *speaking* in a deep, solemn voice, said, "Jesus of Nazareth passeth by even now; but He may not pass thee

again ! There are some here who, although the sunlight of God's love is shining all around them, are yet groping in the dark ; wearied with seeking for light, they are sitting by the roadside in their misery and despair ; to them I come to-day, saying unto them, ' Jesus of Nazareth passeth by ! ' Poor, blind heart, cry unto Him ; stretch forth thine hand and lay hold upon Him ! . Say humbly, ' Jesus, thou son of David, have mercy on me ! ' and He will stand at thy side and ask, in His loving, comforting voice, ' What wilt thou that I shall do unto thee ? ' What right hast thou to despair when Jesus of Nazareth stands beside thee waiting to give thee light ? Say unto Him, ' Lord, that I might receive my sight ! ' and His hand shall be laid upon thy head, thine eyes shall be opened, and thou shalt see Him in all the fulness of His love and mercy. Weary struggling heart, longing for rest, ' Jesus of Nazareth passeth by ! ' " •

When the last hymn had been sung, and the service closed, Dick touched his father's arm as Mr West was leaving the pew to go to his Sunday-school class, and said, " Father, are you going to stay to the second service ? "

" Yes, my son. Why do you ask ? "

" Because I don't want to go to Sunday-school. I will be back before church is out. I want to be alone. "

" Very well, my boy. Go, and may God go with you. "

Dick left the church, and passing round behind it, struck into the woods and was soon out of sight.

The second service was ended, and Mr West was leading the horses out of the shed in which they had stood all day, when Dick came round from the opposite side of the building.

" Let me take them out, father, " he said, almost before Mr West knew that he was there.

His father looked at him anxiously, and Dick lifted his face to meet the loving eyes which he knew were

fixed on him. He laid his hand in his father's, and said very gently, "Yes, father, He has opened my eyes, and I see Him, as Mr Palmer said, 'in all the fullness of His love and mercy.'"

After supper that evening, Mr West and Dick went out to see a sick man who lived on a farm near by. When they returned, Dick crossed the hall to Jolly's room, while his father went into the sitting-room where Mrs Hines sat with Katy, teaching a hymn to her. Dick found Jolly and Frank talking very earnestly.

"Come in," said Jolly, for he had paused at the door. "Come in. We have no secrets from you."

Dick sat down beside him. In a few moments Katy came in, and seeing him there climbed into his lap.

"I've only seen you such a little bit to-day," said she.

"Yes, I've been away all day," said Dick, gravely. "I have something to tell you, Katy."

"What is it?" and she lifted her head from his breast and looked eagerly into his face.

"Don't you know that I told you last Monday night that I didn't know how to love the Saviour?"

"Yes," said Katy, very softly, "and that made me so sorry. If you loved Him you'd be so glad."

"I do love Him, and I am glad."

Katy looked into his face for a moment, then she put her arms around his neck and hid her face on his shoulder. When she lifted it again, it was all wet with tears.

"What makes me cry when I'm so glad?" said she. "It would come, I couldn't help it. Oh, we all love our dear Jesus now, Dicky and Frankie too!"

Dick glanced quickly toward Frank. His brother rose and came to him. "Yes, Dick," he said, "I've chosen the same Master," and he laid his hand on the

boy's shoulder. Dick's hand stole up and clasped his lovingly.

Dick had been alone at night ever since Jolly's accident, for Frank had slept in the parlour to take care of the invalid. After he had gone to bed he heard the door open, and looking up saw Frank.

"I couldn't go to sleep without coming up to see you," said he. "You know that we were to tell each other what we thought of all this to-night. Of course that is not necessary now, but it seems strange, Dick, doesn't it, that things should look so different from what they did last Sunday, only one short week ago?"

He had thrown himself down upon the bed beside his brother.

"Yes," said Dick, "it does seem strange. Oh, it was a hard fight, Frank, wasn't it?"

"It seemed so for you, poor fellow," said Frank, clasping his hand. "But your will is so much stronger than mine. I believe I gave up Monday night when Katy made that little prayer for you. It was answered for me, then."

"It wasn't answered for me until to-day," said Dick. "It has been hard, hard work," and he passed his hand wearily over his forehead. "I'm wretchedly obstinate, Frank. But, oh, I'm so glad now that it is all over! Now that Jesus Christ is my own Saviour I feel ready to do all He would have me do."

"Dear old Dick," said Frank, and then the two boys lay still, thinking.

By and by Frank turned and looked at his brother. Dick had fallen asleep, and the light from the lamp which Frank had brought up fell full upon him. The anxious, tired look had faded from his face, leaving it as peaceful and untroubled as the face of a little child. As Frank sat looking at him, Dick smiled, and stretching out his hand, said, "I will come, Lord Jesus."

He always talked in his sleep when he had been excited, but it seemed to Frank as he heard him speak

to-night, that the boy must see his Saviour standing there beside him ; and as Dick began to murmur again he rose softly from the bed and stole away with a feeling that he had no right to listen unseen to those sacred words.

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